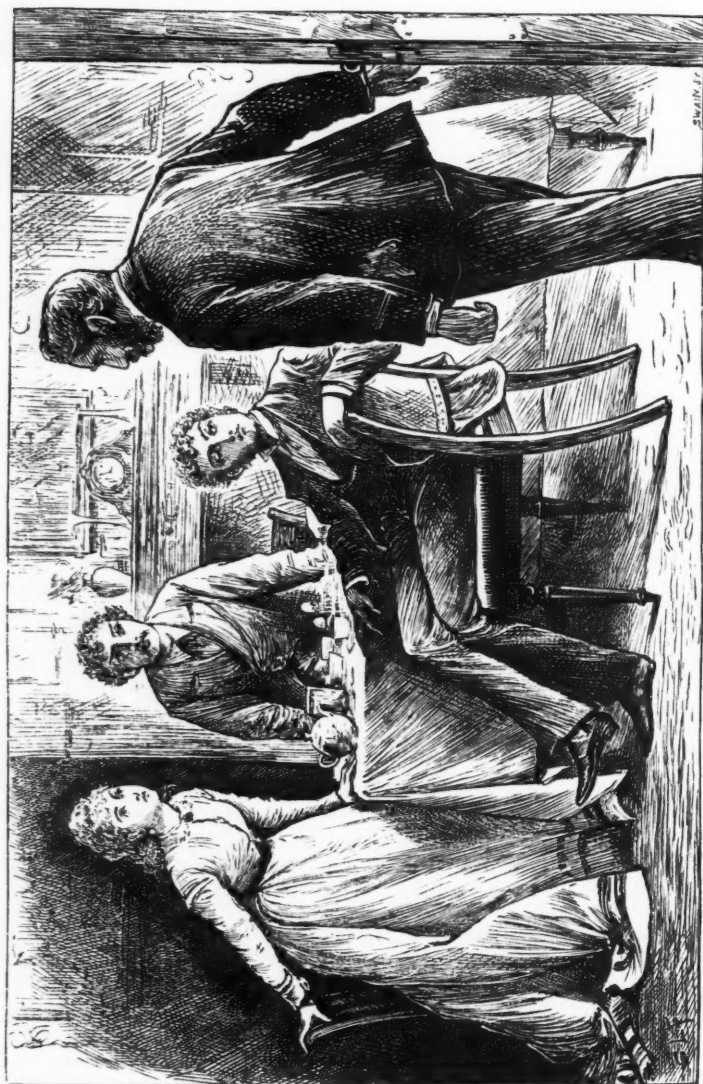


THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.



VOL. XXIII.



HE ENTERED, AND NINA AROSE AS HE CAME FORWARD.

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1871.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID OF IT.



THE wounded man had just fallen into a first sleep after his disaster, when the press of the capital was already proclaiming throughout the land the attack and search for arms at Kilgobbin Castle. In the National papers a very few lines were devoted to the event; indeed their tone was one of party sneer at the importance given by their contemporaries to a very ordinary incident. "Is there," asked the *Convicted Felon*, "anything very strange or new in the fact that Irishmen have determined to be armed? Is English legislation in this country so marked by justice, clemency, and generosity that the people of Ireland prefer to submit their lives and fortunes to its sway, to trusting what brave men alone trust in—their fearlessness and their daring? What is there, then, so remarkable in the repairing to Mr. Kearney's house for a loan of those weapons of which his family for several generations have forgotten the use?" In the Government journals the story of the attack was headed, "Attack on Kilgobbin Castle. Heroic

resistance by a young lady:" in which Kate Kearney's conduct was described in colours of extravagant eulogy. She was alternately Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, and it was gravely discussed whether any and what honours of the Crown were at her Majesty's disposal to reward such brilliant heroism. In another print of the same stamp the narrative began—"The disastrous condition of our country is never displayed in darker colours than when the totally unprovoked character of some outrage has to be recorded by the press. It is our melancholy task to present such a case as this to our readers to-day. If it was our wish to exhibit to a stranger the picture of an Irish estate in which all the blessings of good management, intelligence, kindness, and Christian charity were displayed; to show him a property where the well-being of landlord and tenant were inextricably united, where the condition of the people, their dress, their homes, their food, and their daily comforts could stand comparison with the most favoured English county, we should point to the Kearney estate of Kilgobbin; and yet it is here, in the very house where his ancestors have resided for generations, that a most savage and dastardly attack is made: and if we feel a sense of shame in recording the outrage, we are recompensed by the proud elation with which we can recount the repulse,—the noble and gallant achievement of an Irish girl. History has the record of more momentous feats, but we doubt that there is one in the annals of any land in which a higher heroism was displayed than in this splendid defence by Miss Kearney." Then followed the story; not one of the papers having any knowledge of Walpole's presence on the occasion, or the slightest suspicion that she was aided in any way.

Joe Atlee was busily engaged in conning over and comparing these somewhat contradictory reports, as he sat at his breakfast, his chum Kearney being still in bed and asleep after a late night at a ball. At last there came a telegraphic despatch for Kearney; armed with which, Joe entered the bedroom and woke him.

"Here's something for you, Dick," cried he. "Are you too sleepy to read it?"

"Tear it open and see what it is, like a good fellow," said the other, indolently.

"It's from your sister—at least, it is signed Kate. It says: 'There is no cause for alarm. All is going on well, and papa will be back this evening. I write by this post.'"

"What does all that mean?" cried Dick, in surprise.

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows being seen badly wounded, but, of course, that part of the story cannot be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defence of the citadel. Was she fainting or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like, Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a Whiteboy attack to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defence, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By Jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half that blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Pericles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half a mind to run down by the night-mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch you the papers, there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposited the "*Croppy*" on the table as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor labouring-men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for alms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady, whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen tourists? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased at the price of the companionship of the admittedly most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the

paper to him on the bed. "Of course it's a thing cannot be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakum at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it, were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And, with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again and write at you and all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this licence is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counsellor, and friend."

"Bright thought, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first class; but we could go third class, two of us for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to travelling in a cow compartment?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I trust I shall never discover them; at least, so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure either, whether they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable thought! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, proposed to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes, I'd have said, Done!"

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort, I make no objection."

"To so heartily-expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you; don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you cannot get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a fashionable tone."

"How men mistake themselves. I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick, are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it.' That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in *Hafiz*. I believe you never read *Hafiz*?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own *Hafiz*, and just as good as the real article. By the way, are you aware that the water-carriers at Tehran sing *Lalla Rookh*, and believe it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an *Anacreon* with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By the way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday at the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick, that means worse and worse! Now, I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat, I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you're not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society, that never so much as asked whether the in-

tellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager ? ”

“ There, don’t carry away that newspaper ; I want to read over that pleasant paragraph again ? ”

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

THE two friends were deposited at the Moate station at a few minutes after midnight, and their available resources amounting to something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

“ It is a fine moonlight ; I know all the short cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides,” said Kearney ; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

“ The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau,” said Dick, as they started.

“ I wish you’d give him directions to take charge of me too,” said Joe, who felt very indisposed to a long walk.

“ I like *you*,” said Dick, sneeringly ; “ you are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it, and when it comes to a question of a few miles’ tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You’re a great humbug, Master Joe.”

“ And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few, that, as in a game of only three cards, there is no skill in the playing ; while in my nature, as in that game called tarocco, there are half a dozen packs mixed up together, and the address required to play them is considerable.”

“ You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe.”

“ And why not ? If a clever fellow didn’t know he was clever, the opinion of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain.”

“ And what do you say if his own vanity should do it ? ”

“ There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you——”

“ What do you mean by a fellow like me ? ” broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

“ I mean this, that I’d as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Esquimaux, as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you, and scores of fellows like you, denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to Hope ! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the founda-

tion of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that "if I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther."

"I tell you one thing I do hope, which is, that the next time I set out a twelve miles' walk, I'll have a companion less imbued with self-admiration."

"And you might and might not find him pleasanter company. Cannot you see, old fellow, that the very things you object to in me are what are wanting in you? they are, so to say, the complements of your own temperament."

"Have you a cigar?"

"Two—take them both. I'd rather talk than smoke just now."

"I am almost sorry for it, though it gives me the tobacco."

"Are we on your father's property yet?"

"Yes: part of that village we came through belongs to us, and all this bog here is ours."

"Why don't you reclaim it? labour costs a mere nothing in this country. Why don't you drain these tracts, and treat the soil with lime? I'd live on potatoes, I'd make my family live on potatoes, and my son, and my grandson, for three generations, but I'd win this land back to culture and productiveness."

"The fee-simple of the soil wouldn't pay the cost. It would be cheaper to save the money and buy an estate."

"That is one, and a very narrow view of it; but imagine the glory of restoring a lost tract to a nation, welcoming back the prodigal, and installing him in his place amongst his brethren. This was all forest once. Under the shade of the mighty oaks here those gallant O'Caharneys your ancestors followed the chase, or rested at noontide, or skedaddled in double-quick before those smart English of the Pale, who, I must say, treated your forbears with scant courtesy."

"We held our own against them for many a year."

"Only when it became so small it was not worth taking. Is not your father a Whig?"

"He's a Liberal, but he troubles himself little about parties."

"He's a stout Catholic, though, isn't he?"

"He is a very devout believer in his Church," said Dick, with the tone of one who did not desire to continue the theme.

"Then why does he stop at whiggery? why not go in for nationalism and all the rest of it?"

"And what's all the rest of it?"

"Great Ireland—no first flower of the earth or gem of the sea humbug—but Ireland great in prosperity, her harbours full of ships, the woollen trade, her ancient staple, revived; all that vast unused water-power, greater than all the steam of Manchester and Birmingham tenfold, at full work; the linen manufacture developed and promoted——"

"And the Union repealed?"

"Of course; that should be first of all. Not that I object to the

Union, as many do, on the grounds of English ignorance as to Ireland. My dislike is, that, for the sake of carrying through certain measures necessary to Irish interests, I must sit and discuss questions which have no possible concern for me, and touch me no more than the debates in the Cortes, or the Reichskammer at Vienna. What do you or I care for who rules India, or who owns Turkey? What interest of mine is it whether Great Britain has five iron-clads or fifty, or whether the Yankees take Canada, and the Russians Caboul?"

"You're a Fenian, and I am not."

"I suppose you'd call yourself an Englishman?"

"I'm an English subject, and I owe my allegiance to England."

"Perhaps for that matter, I owe some too; but I owe a great many things that I don't distress myself about paying."

"Whatever your sentiments are on these matters—and, Joe, I am not disposed to think you have any very fixed ones—pray do me the favour to keep them to yourself while under my father's roof—I can almost promise you he'll obtrude none of his peculiar opinions on *you*, and I hope you will treat *him* with a like delicacy."

"What will your folks talk then? I can't suppose they care for books, art, or the drama. There is no society, so there can be no gossip. If that yonder be the cabin of one of your tenants, I'll certainly not start the question of farming."

"There are poor on every estate," said Dick, curtly.

"Now what sort of a rent does that fellow pay—five pounds a year?"

"More likely five-and-twenty or thirty shillings."

"By Jove, I'd like to set up house in that fashion, and make love to some delicately nurtured miss, win her affections, and bring her home to such a spot. Wouldn't that be a touchstone of affection, Dick?"

"If I could believe you were in earnest, I'd throw you neck and heels into that bog-hole."

"Oh, if you would!" cried he; and there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice now there could be no mistaking.

Half-ashamed of the emotion his idle speech had called up, and uncertain how best to treat the emergency, Kearney said nothing, and Atlee walked along for miles without a word.

"You can see the house now. It tops the trees yonder," said Dick.

"That is Kilgobbin Castle, then?" said Joe, slowly.

"There's not much of castle left about it. There is a square block of a tower, and you can trace the moat and some remains of outworks."

"Shall I make you a confession, Dick? I envy you all that! I envy you what smacks of a race, a name, an ancestry, a lineage. It's a great thing to be able to 'take up the running,' as the folks say, instead of making all the race yourself; and there's one inestimable advantage in it, it rescues you from all indecent haste about asserting your station. You feel yourself to be a somebody and you're not hurried to proclaim it. There now, my boy, if you'd have said only half as much as that on the

score of your family, I'd have called you an arrant snob. So much for consistency ! ”

“ What you have said gave me pleasure, I'll own that.”

“ I suppose it was you planted those trees there. It was a nice thought, and makes the transition from the bleak bog to the cultivated land more easy and graceful. Now I see the castle well. It's a fine portly mass against the morning sky, and I perceive you fly a flag over it.”

“ When the lord is at home.”

“ Ay, and by the way, do you give him his title while talking to him here ? ”

“ The tenants do, and the neighbours and strangers do as they please about it.”

“ Does he like it himself ? ”

“ If I was to guess, I should perhaps say he does like it. Here we are now. Inside this low gate you are within the demesne, and I may bid you welcome to Kilgobbin. We shall build a lodge here one of these days. There's a good stretch, however, yet to the castle. We call it two miles, and it's not far short of it.”

“ What a glorious morning. There is an ecstasy in scenting these nice fresh woods in the clear sunrise, and seeing those modest daffodils make their morning toilet.”

“ That's a fancy of Kate's. There is a border of such wild-flowers all the way to the house.”

“ And those rills of clear water that flank the road, are they of her designing ? ”

“ That they are. There was a cutting made for a railroad line about four miles from this, and they came upon a sort of pudding-stone formation, made up chiefly of white pebbles. Kate heard of it, purchased the whole mass, and had these channels paved with them from the gate to the castle, and that's the reason this water has its crystal clearness.”

“ She's worthy of Shakspeare's sweet epithet, the ‘ daintiest Kate in Christendom.’ Here's her health ! ” and he stooped down, and filling his palm with the running water, drank it off.

“ I see it's not yet five o'clock. We'll steal quietly off to bed, and have three or four hours sleep before we show ourselves.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A SICK ROOM.

CECIL WALPOLE occupied the state room and the state bed at Kilgobbin Castle ; but the pain of a very serious wound had left him very little faculty to know what honour was rendered him, or of what watchful solicitude he was the object. The fever, brought on by his wound, had obliterated in his mind all memory of where he was ; and it was only now, —that is, on the same morning that the young men had arrived at the

castle—that he was able to converse without much difficulty, and enjoy the companionship of Lockwood, who had come over to see him and scarcely quitted his bedside since the disaster.

"It seems going on all right," said Lockwood, as he lifted the iced cloths to look at the smashed limb, which lay swollen and livid on a pillow outside the clothes.

"It's not pretty to look at, Harry; but the doctor says 'we shall save it'—his phrase for not cutting it off."

"They've taken up two fellows on suspicion, and I believe they were of the party here that night."

"I don't much care about that. It was a fair fight, and I suspect I did not get the worst of it. What really does grieve me is to think how ingloriously one gets a wound that in real war would have been a title of honour."

"If I had to give a V. C. for this affair, it would be to that fine girl I'd give it, and not to you, Cecil."

"So should I. There is no question whatever as to our respective shares in the achievement."

"And she is so modest and unaffected about it all, and when she was showing me the position and the alcove, she never ceased to lay stress on the safety she enjoyed during the conflict."

"Then she said nothing about standing in front of me after I was wounded?"

"Not a word. She said a great deal about your coolness and indifference to danger, but nothing about her own."

"Well, I suppose it's almost a shame to own it—not that I could have done anything to prevent it—but she did step down one step of the stair and actually cover me from fire."

"She's the finest girl in Europe," said Lockwood, warmly.

"And if it was not the contrast with her cousin, I'd almost say one of the handsomest," said Cecil.

"The Greek is splendid, I admit that, though she'll not speak—she'll scarcely notice me."

"How is that?"

"I can't imagine, except it might have been an awkward speech I made when we were talking over the row. I said, 'Where were you? what were you doing all this time?'"

"And what answer did she make you?"

"None; not a word. She drew herself proudly up, and opened her eyes so large and full upon me, that I felt I must have appeared some sort of monster to be so stared at."

"I've seen her do that."

"It was very grand and very beautiful; but I'll be shot if I'd like to stand under it again. From that time to this she has never deigned me more than a mere salutation."

"And are you good friends with the other girl?"

"The best in the world. I don't see much of her, for she's always abroad, over the farm, or among the tenants; but when we meet we are very cordial and friendly."

"And the father, what is he like?"

"My lord is a glorious old fellow, full of hospitable plans and pleasant projects; but terribly distressed to think that this unlucky incident should prejudice you against Ireland. Indeed, he gave me to understand that there must have been some mistake or misconception in the matter, for the castle had never been attacked before; and he insists on saying that if you will stop here—I think he said ten years—you'll not see another such occurrence."

"It's rather a hard way to test the problem though."

"What's more, he included me in the experiment."

"And this title? Does he assume it, or expect it to be recognized?"

"I can scarcely tell you. The Greek girl 'my-lords' him occasionally; his daughter, never. The servants always do so; and I take it that people use their own discretion about it."

"Or do it in a sort of indolent courtesy, as they call Marsala, sherry, but take care at the same time to pass the decanter. I believe you telegraphed to his Excellency?"

"Yes; and he means to come over next week."

"Any news of Lady Maude?"

"Only that she comes with him, and I'm sorry for it."

"So am I—deuced sorry! In a gossiping town like Dublin there will be surely some story afloat about these handsome girls here. She saw the Greek, too, at the Duke of Rigati's ball at Rome, and she never forgets a name or a face. A pleasant trait in a wife."

"Of course the best plan will be to get removed, and be safely installed in our old quarters at the Castle before they arrive."

"We must hear what the doctor says."

"He'll say no, naturally, for he'll not like to lose his patient. He will have to convey you to town, and we'll try and make him believe it will be the making of him. Don't you agree with me, Cecil, it's the thing to do?"

"I have not thought it over yet. I will to-day. By the way, I know it's the thing to do," repeated he, with an air of determination. "There will be all manner of reports, scandals, and falsehoods to no end about this business here; and when Lady Maude learns, as she is sure to learn, that the 'Greek girl' is in the story, I cannot measure the mischief that may come of it."

"Break off the match, eh?"

"That is certainly 'on the cards.'"

"I suspect even that wouldn't break your heart."

"I don't say it would, but it would prove very inconvenient in many ways. Danesbury has great claims on his party. He came here as Viceroy dead against his will, and, depend upon it, he made his terms.

Then if these people go out, and the Tories want to outbid them, Danesbury could take—ay, and would take—office under them.”

“I cannot follow all that. All I know is, I like the old boy himself, though he is a bit pompous now and then, and fancies he’s Emperor of Russia.”

“I wish his niece didn’t imagine she was an Imperial princess.”

“That she does! I think she is the haughtiest girl I ever met. To be sure she was a great beauty.”

“Was, Harry! What do you mean by ‘was’? Lady Maude is not eight-and-twenty.”

“Ain’t she, though? Will you have a ten-pound note on it that she’s not over thirty-one; and I can tell you who could decide the wager?”

“A delicate thought!—a fellow betting on the age of the girl he’s going to marry!”

“Ten o’clock—nearly half-past ten!” said Lockwood, rising from his chair. “I must go and have some breakfast. I meant to have been down in time to-day, and breakfasted with the old fellow and his daughter; for coming late brings me to a *tête-à-tête* with the Greek damsel, and it isn’t jolly, I assure you.”

“Don’t you speak?”

“Never a word! She’s generally reading a newspaper when I go in. She lays it down; but after remarking that she fears I’ll find the coffee cold, she goes on with her breakfast, kisses her Maltese terrier, asks him a few questions about his health, and whether he would like to be in a warmer climate, and then sails away.”

“And how she walks!”

“Is she bored here?”

“She says not.”

“She can scarcely like these people: they’re not the sort of thing she has ever been used to.”

“She tells me she likes them: they certainly like her.”

“Well,” said Lockwood, with a sigh, “she’s the most beautiful woman, certainly, I’ve ever seen; and, at this moment, I’d rather eat a crust with a glass of beer under a hedge, than I’d go down and sit at breakfast with her.”

“I’ll be shot if I’ll not tell her that speech the first day I’m down again.”

“So you may, for by that time I shall have seen her for the last time.” And with this he strolled out of the room and down the stairs towards the breakfast-parlour.

As he stood at the door he heard the sound of voices laughing and talking pleasantly. He entered, and Nina arose as he came forward, and said, “Let me present my cousin—Mr. Richard Kearney, Major Lockwood; his friend, Mr. Atlee.”

The two young men stood up—Kearney stiff and haughty, and Atlee with a sort of easy assurance that seemed to suit his good-looking but

certainly snobbish style. As for Lockwood, he was too much a gentleman to have more than one manner, and he received these two men as he would have received any other two of any rank anywhere.

"These gentlemen have been showing me some strange versions of our little incident here in the Dublin papers," said Nina to Lockwood. "I scarcely thought we should become so famous."

"I suppose they don't stickle much for truth," said Lockwood, as he broke his egg, in leisurely fashion.

"They were scarcely able to provide a special correspondent for the event," said Atlee; "but I take it they give the main facts pretty accurately and fairly."

"Indeed!" said Lockwood, more struck by the manner than by the words of the speaker. "They mention, then, that my friend received a bad fracture of the forearm."

"No, I don't think they do; at least, so far as I have seen. They speak of a night attack on Kilgobbin Castle, made by an armed party of six or seven men with faces blackened, and their complete repulse through the heroic conduct of a young lady."

"The main facts, then, include no mention of poor Walpole and his misfortune?"

"I don't think that we mere Irish attach any great importance to a broken arm, whether it came of a cricket-ball or gun; but we do interest ourselves deeply when an Irish girl displays feats of heroism and courage that men find it hard to rival."

"It was very fine," said Lockwood, gravely.

"Fine! I should think it was fine!" burst out Atlee. "It was so fine that, had the deed been done on the other side of this narrow sea, the nation would not have been satisfied till your Poet Laureate had commemorated it in verse."

"Have they discovered any traces of the fellows?" said Lockwood, who declined to follow the discussion into this channel.

"My father has gone over to Moate to-day," said Kearney, now speaking for the first time, "to hear the examination of two fellows who have been taken up on suspicion."

"You have plenty of this sort of thing in your country," said Atlee to Nina.

"Where do you mean when you say my country?"

"I mean Greece."

"But I have not seen Greece since I was a child, so high; I have lived always in Italy."

"Well, Italy has Calabria and the Terra del Lavoro."

"And how much do we in Rome know about either?"

"About as much," said Lockwood, "as Belgravia does of the Bog of Allen."

"You'll return to your friends in civilized life with almost the fame of an African traveller, Major Lockwood," said Atlee, pertly.

"If Africa can boast such hospitality, I certainly rather envy than compassionate Doctor Livingstone," said he, politely.

"Somebody," said Kearney, drily, "calls hospitality the breeding of the savage."

"But I deny that we are savage," cried Atlee. "I contend for it that all our civilization is higher, and that class for class we are in a more advanced culture than the English; that your chawbacon is not as intelligent a being as our bogtrotter; that your petty shopkeeper is inferior to ours; that throughout our middle classes there is not only a higher morality but a higher refinement than with you."

"I read in one of the most accredited journals of England the other day that Ireland had never produced a poet, could not even show a second-rate humourist," said Kearney.

"Swift and Sterne were third-rate, or, perhaps, English," said Atlee.

"These are themes I'll not attempt to discuss," said Lockwood; "but I know one thing, it takes three times as much military force to govern the smaller island."

"That is to say, to govern the country after *your* fashion; but leave it to ourselves. Pack your portmanteaus and go away, and then see if we'll need this parade of horse, foot, and dragoons; these batteries of guns and these brigades of peelers."

"You'd be the first to beg us to come back again."

"Doubtless, as the Greeks are begging the Turks. Eh, Mademoiselle, can you fancy throwing yourself at the feet of a Pasha and asking leave to be his slave?"

"The only Greek slave I ever heard of," said Lockwood, "was in marble and made by an American."

"Come into the drawing-room and I'll sing you something," said Nina, rising.

"Which will be far nicer and pleasanter than all this discussion," said Joe.

"And if you'll permit me," said Lockwood, "we'll leave the drawing-room door open and let poor Walpole hear the music."

"Would it not be better first to see if he's asleep?" said she.

"That's true. I'll step up and see."

Lockwood hurried away, and Joe Atlee, leaning back in his chair, said, "Well, we gave the Saxon a canter, I think. As you know, Dick, that fellow is no end of a swell."

"You know nothing about him," said the other, gruffly.

"Only so much as newspapers could tell me. He's Master of the Horse in the Viceroy's household, and the other fellow is Private Secretary, and some connection besides. I say, Dick, it's all King James's times back again. There has not been so much grandeur here for six or eight generations."

"There has not been a more absurd speech made than that, within the time."

"And he is really a somebody?" said Nina to Atlee.

"A *gran signore davvero*," said he pompously. "If you don't sing your very best for him, I'll swear you are a republican."

"Come, take my arm, Nina. I may call you Nina, may I not?" whispered Kearney.

"Certainly, if I may call you Joe."

"You may, if you like," said he roughly, "but my name is Dick."

"I am Beppo, and very much at your orders," said Atlee, stepping forward and leading her away.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT DINNER.

THEY were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, when Lord Kilgobbin arrived, heated, dusty, and tired, after his twelve-miles' drive. "I say, girls," said he, putting his head inside the door, "is it true that our distinguished guest is not coming down to dinner, for, if so, I'll not wait to dress?"

"No, papa; he said he'd stay with Mr. Walpole. They've been receiving and despatching telegrams all day, and seem to have the whole world on their hands," said Kate.

"Well, sir, what did you do at the sessions?"

"Yes, my lord," broke in Nina, eager to show her more mindful regard to his rank than Atlee displayed; "tell us your news?"

"I suspect we have got two of them, and are on the traces of the others. They are Louth men, and were sent special here to give me a lesson, as they call it. That's what our blessed newspapers have brought us to. Some idle vagabond, at his wit's end for an article, fastens on some unlucky country gentleman, neither much better nor worse than his neighbours, holds him up to public reprobation, perfectly sure that within a week's time some rascal who owes him a grudge—the fellow he has evicted for non-payment of rent, the blackguard he prosecuted for perjury, or some other of the like stamp—will write a piteous letter to the editor, relating his wrongs. The next act of the drama is a notice on the hall-door, with a coffin at the top; and the piece closes with a charge of slugs in your body, as you are on your road to mass. Now, if I had the making of the laws, the first fellow I'd lay hands on would be the newspaper writer. Eh, Master Atlee, am I right?"

"I go with you to the furthest extent, my lord."

"I vote we hang Joe, then," cried Dick. "He is the only member of the fraternity I have any acquaintance with."

"What—do you tell me that you write for the papers?" asked my lord, slyly.

"He's quizzing, sir; he knows right well I have no gifts of that sort."

"Here's dinner, papa. Will you give Nina your arm? Mr. Atlee, you are to take me."

"You'll not agree with me, Nina, my dear," said the old man, as he led her along; "but I'm heartily glad we have not that great swell who dined with us yesterday."

"I do agree with you, uncle—I dislike him."

"Perhaps I'm unjust to him; but I thought he treated us all with a sort of bland pity that I found very offensive."

"Yes; I thought that too. His manner seemed to say, 'I am very sorry for you, but what can be done?'"

"Is the other fellow—the wounded one—as bad?"

She pursed up her lip, slightly shrugged her shoulders, and then said, "There's not a great deal to choose between them; but I think I like him better."

"How do you like Dick, eh?" said he, in a whisper.

"Oh, so much," said she, with one of her half downcast looks, but which never prevented her seeing what passed in her neighbour's face.

"Well, don't let him fall in love with *you*," said he, with a smile, "for it would be bad for you both."

"But why should he?" said she, with an air of innocence.

"Just because I don't see how he is to escape it. What's Master Atlee saying to you, Kitty?"

"He's giving me some hints about horse-breaking," said she, quietly.

"Is he, by George? Well, I'd like to see him follow you over that fallen timber in the back lawn. We'll have you out, Master Joe, and give you a field-day to-morrow," said the old man.

"I vote we do," cried Dick; "unless, better still, we could persuade Miss Betty to bring the dogs over and give us a cub-hunt."

"I want to see a cub-hunt," broke in Nina.

"Do you mean that you ride to hounds, cousin Nina?" asked Dick.

"I should think that any one who has taken the ox-fences on the Roman Campagna, as I have, might venture to face your small stone-walls here."

"That's plucky, anyhow; and I hope, Joe, it will put you on your mettle to show yourself worthy of your companionship. What is old Mathew looking so mysteriously about? What do you want?"

The old servant thus addressed had gone about the room with the air of one not fully decided to whom to speak, and at last he leaned over Miss Kearney's shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear. "Of course not, Mat!" said she, and then turning to her father—"Mat has such an opinion of my medical skill, he wants me to see Mr. Walpole, who, it seems, has got up, and evidently increased his pain by it."

"Oh, but is there no doctor near us?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I'd go at once," said Kate, frankly, "but my skill does not extend to surgery."

"I have some little knowledge in that way; I studied and walked the hospitals for a couple of years," broke out Joe. "Shall I go up to him?"

"By all means," cried several together, and Joe arose and followed Mathew upstairs.

"Oh, are you a medical man?" cried Lockwood, as the other entered.

"After a fashion, I may say I am. At least, I can tell you where my skill will come to its limit, and that is something."

"Look here, then,—he would insist on getting up, and I fear he has displaced the position of the bones. You must be very gentle, for the pain is terrific."

"No; there's no great mischief done,—the fractured parts are in a proper position. It is the mere pain of disturbance. Cover it all over with the ice again, and"—here he felt his pulse—"let him have some weak brandy-and-water."

"That's sensible advice,—I feel it. I am shivery all over," said Walpole.

"I'll go and make a brew for you," cried Joe, "and you shall have it as hot as you can drink it."

He had scarcely left the room, when he returned with the smoking compound.

"You're such a jolly doctor," said Walpole, "I feel sure you'd not refuse me a cigar?"

"Certainly not."

"Only think! that old barbarian who was here this morning said I was to have nothing but weak tea or iced lemonade."

Lockwood selected a mild-looking weed, and handed it to his friend, and was about to offer one to Atlee, when he said:—

"But we have taken you from your dinner,—pray go back again."

"No, we were at dessert. I'll stay here and have a smoke, if you will let me. Will it bore you, though?"

"On the contrary," said Walpole, "your company will be a great boon to us; and as for myself, you have done me good already."

"What would you say, Major Lockwood, to taking my place downstairs? They are just sitting over their wine—some very pleasant claret, and the young ladies, I perceive, here, give half an hour of their company before they leave the dining-room."

"Here goes then," said Lockwood. "Now that you remind me of it, I do want a glass of wine."

Lockwood found the party downstairs eagerly discussing Joe Atlee's medical qualifications, and doubting whether, if it was a knowledge of civil-engineering or marine gunnery had been required, he would not have been equally ready to offer himself for the emergency.

"I'll lay my life on it, if the real doctor arrives, Joe will take the lead in the consultation," cried Dick: "he is the most unabashable villain in Europe."

"Well, he has put Cecil all right," said Lockwood: "he has settled

the arm most comfortably on the pillow, the pain is decreasing every moment, and by his pleasant and jolly talk he is making Walpole even forget it at times."

This was exactly what Atlee was doing. Watching carefully the sick man's face, he plied him with just that amount of amusement that he could bear without fatigue. He told him the absurd versions that had got abroad of the incident in the press; and cautiously feeling his way, went on to tell how Dick Kearney had started from town full of the most fiery intentions towards that visitor whom the newspapers called a "noted profligate" of London celebrity. "If you had not been shot before, we were to have managed it for you now," said he.

"Surely these fellows who wrote this had never heard of me."

"Of course they had not, further than you were on the Viceroy's staff; but is not that ample warranty for profligacy? Besides, the real intention was not to assail you, but the people here who admitted you." Thus talking, he led Walpole to own that he had no acquaintanceship with the Kearneys, that a mere passing curiosity to see the interesting house had provoked his request, to which the answer, coming from an old friend, led to his visit. Through this channel Atlee drew him on to the subject of the Greek girl and her parentage. As Walpole sketched the society of Rome, Atlee, who had cultivated the gift of listening fully as much as that of talking, knew where to seem interested by the views of life thrown out, and where to show a racy enjoyment of the little humorous bits of description which the other was rather proud of his skill in deploying; and as Atlee always appeared so conversant with the family history of the people they were discussing, Walpole spoke with unbounded freedom and openness.

"You must have been astonished to meet the 'Titian girl' in Ireland?" said Joe, at last, for he had caught up the epithet dropped accidentally in the other's narrative, and kept it for use.

"Was I not! but, if my memory had been clearer, I should have remembered she had Irish connections. I had heard of Lord Kilgobbin on the other side of the Alps."

"I don't doubt that the title would meet a readier acceptance there than here."

"Ah, you think so!" cried Walpole. "What is the meaning of a rank that people acknowledge or deny at pleasure? Is this peculiar to Ireland?"

"If you had asked whether persons anywhere else would like to maintain such a strange pretension, I might perhaps have answered you."

"For the few minutes of his visit to me, I liked him; he seemed frank, hearty, and genial."

"I suppose he is, and I suspect this folly of the lordship is no fancy of his own."

"Nor the daughter's then, I'll be bound?"

"No; the son, I take it, has all the ambition of the house."

"Do you know them well?"

"No, never saw them till yesterday. The son and I are chums; we live together, and have done so these three years."

"You like your visit here, however?"

"Yes. It's rather good fun on the whole. I was afraid of the indoor life when I was coming down, but it's pleasanter than I looked for."

"When I asked you the question, it was not out of idle curiosity. I had a strong personal interest in your answer. In fact, it was another way of inquiring whether it would be a great sacrifice to tear yourself away from this."

"No, inasmuch as the tearing-away process must take place in a couple of days—three at farthest."

"That makes what I have to propose all the easier. It is a matter of great urgency for me to reach Dublin at once. This unlucky incident has been so represented by the newspapers as to give considerable uneasiness to the Government, and they are even threatened with a discussion on it in the House. Now, I'd start to-morrow, if I thought I could travel with safety. You have so impressed me with your skill, that, if I dared, I'd ask you to convoy me up. Of course I mean as my physician."

"But I'm not one, nor ever intend to be."

"You studied, however?"

"As I have done scores of things. I know a little bit of criminal law—have done some shipbuilding—rode *haute école* in Cooke's Circus—and, after M. Dumas, I am considered the best amateur macaroni-maker in Europe."

"And which of these careers do you intend to abide by?"

"None, not one of them. 'Financing' is the only pursuit that pays largely. I intend to go in for money."

"I should like to hear your ideas on that subject?"

"So you shall, as we travel up to town."

"You accept my offer then?"

"Of course I do. I am delighted to have so many hours in your company. I believe I can safely say I have that amount of skill to be of service to you. One begins his medical experience with fractures. They are the pothooks and hangers of surgery, and I have gone that far. Now, what are your plans?"

"My plans are to leave this early to-morrow, so as to rest during the hot hours of the day, and reach Dublin by nightfall. Why do you smile?"

"I smile at your notion of climate; but I never knew any man who had been once in Italy able to disabuse himself of the idea that there were three or four hours every summer day to be passed with closed shutters and iced drinks."

"Well, I believe I was thinking of a fiercer sun and a hotter soil than these. To return to my project: we can find means of posting, carriage and horses, in the village. I forget its name."

"I'll take care of all that. At what hour will you start?"

"I should say by six or seven. I shall not sleep; and I shall be all impatience till we are away."

"Well, is there anything else to be thought of?"

"There is—that is, I have something on my mind, and I am debating with myself how far, on a half-hour's acquaintance, I can make you a partner in it."

"I cannot help you by my advice. I can only say that if you like to trust me, I'll know how to respect the confidence."

Walpole looked steadily and steadfastly at him, and the examination seemed to satisfy him, for he said, "I will trust you, not that the matter is a secret in any sense that involves consequences; but it is a thing that needs a little tact and discretion, a slight exercise of a light hand, which is what my friend Lockwood fails in. Now you could do it."

"If I can, I will. What is it?"

"Well, the matter is this. I have written a few lines here, very illegibly and badly, as you may believe, for they were with my left hand; and besides having the letter conveyed to its address, I need a few words of explanation."

"The Titian girl," muttered Joe, as though thinking aloud.

"Why do you say so?"

"Oh, it was easy enough to see her greater anxiety and uneasiness about you. There was an actual flash of jealousy across her features when Miss Kearney proposed coming up to see you."

"And was this remarked, think you?"

"Only by me. I saw and let her see I saw it, and we understood each other from that moment."

"I mustn't let you mistake me. You are not to suppose that there is anything between Mlle. Kostalergi and myself. I knew a good deal about her father, and there were family circumstances in which I was once able to be of use; and I wished to let her know that if at any time she desired to communicate with me, I could procure an address, under which she could write with freedom."

"As for instance: 'J. Atlee, 48, Old Square, Trinity College, Dublin.'"

"Well, I did not think of that at the moment," said Walpole, smiling. "Now," continued he, "though I have written all this, it is so blotted and disgraceful generally—done with the left hand, and while in great pain—that I think it would be as well not to send the letter, but simply a message——"

Atlee nodded, and Walpole went on: "A message to say that I was wishing to write, but unable; and that if I had her permission, so soon as my fingers could hold a pen, to finish—yes, to finish that communication I had already begun, and if she felt there was no inconvenience in writing to me, under cover to your care, I should pledge myself to devote all my zeal and my best services to her interests."

"In fact, I am to lead her to suppose she ought to have the most implicit confidence in you, and to believe in me, because I say so."

Stop

— "I don't exactly see that these are my instructions to you."

"You certainly want to write to her."

"I know that I do."

"I want you to write to her."

"I'm nearer the mark now."

"I might not be very difficult to arrange. I'll go down now up of tea, and I may, I hope, come up and see you again."

"One moment," cried Walpole, as the other was about to go. "Do you see a small tray on that table yonder, with some letters, that is it. Well, will you do me the favour to choose amongst them as your fee? Come, come, you know you are now, and I insist on this. There's nothing of any value there, I have no misgivings."

"To take it haphazard?" asked Atlee.

"Ever you like," said the other indolently.

"I selected a ring," said Atlee, as he drew it on his finger. "Is it an opal?"

"Yes, it is an opal with brilliants round it."

"I'd rather you'd taken all the rest than that. Not that I ever wear it, but somehow it has a bit of memory attached to it!"

"Do you know," said Atlee, gravely, "you are adding immensely to the value I desired to see in it? I wanted something as a souvenir of you—what the Germans call a *Denkmal*, and here is evidently what has some secret clue to your affections. It was not an old love-token?"

"No; or I should certainly not part with it."

"It did not belong to a friend now no more?"

"Nor that either," said he, smiling at the other's persistent curiosity.

"Then if it be neither the gift of an old love, nor a lost friend, I'll not relinquish it," cried Joe.

"Be it so," said Walpole, half carelessly. "Mine was a mere caprice after all. It is linked with a reminiscence—there's the whole of it; but if you care for it, pray keep it."

"I do care for it, and I will keep it."

It was a very peculiar smile that curled Walpole's lip as he heard this speech, and there was an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, "What manner of man is this, what sort of nature, new and strange to me, is he made of?"

"By-by!" said Atlee, carelessly, and he strolled away.

the arm most comfortably on the pillow, the pain is decreasing every moment, and by his pleasant and jolly talk he is making Walpole even forget it at times."

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"I don't know that I do."

"At all events, you want her to write to *you*."

"You are nearer the mark now."

"That ought not to be very difficult to arrange. I'll go down now and have a cup of tea, and I may, I hope, come up and see you again before bedtime?"

"Wait one moment," cried Walpole, as the other was about to leave the room. "Do you see a small tray on that table yonder, with some trinkets? Yes, that is it. Well, will you do me the favour to choose something amongst them as your fee? Come, come, you know you are my doctor now, and I insist on this. There's nothing of any value there, and you will have no misgivings."

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"Nor that either," said he, smiling at the other's persistent curiosity.

"Then if it be neither the gift of an old love, nor a lost friend, I'll not relinquish it," cried Joe.

"Be it so," said Walpole, half carelessly. "Mine was a mere caprice after all. It is linked with a reminiscence—there's the whole of it; but if you care for it, pray keep it."

"I do care for it, and I will keep it."

It was a very peculiar smile that curled Walpole's lip as he heard this speech, and there was an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, What manner of man is this, what sort of nature, new and strange to me, is he made of?

"By-by!" said Atlee, carelessly, and he strolled away.

Zumalacarraguy.

THE map of Spain is singularly like its story. Parallel plateaus, twin mountain-ranges, and rivers running all the same way, compose its surface; while similar eras, marked by identical characters and like events, make up its annals. The same endless contest, with its sudden bursts of ferocious energy and its odd sluggish pauses, is always going on therein. Orthodox and Arian, Moor and Christian, Monarch and Fuero, Progressista and Servile—it is still the same. Spaniards divide and grapple at this very hour precisely as they did at the dawn of their history. The names of the factions may change; but in length, leaders, and incidents, the struggle knows no variation. In Spain the throne is perpetually reproducing Roderic; the camp, Viriatus; and the war, Numantia.

It is difficult at this distance of time to conceive the virulence of political passion among the Spanish factions of forty or fifty years ago. For many a long year they decided every question with the sword—proscription being the result of defeat, and exile, mitraillade, and massacre everyday occurrences. This was peculiarly fatal to the heroes of the great war, probably from their habit of rushing to the front, and most of them—like Porlier, Sanchez, and the Empecinado—died on the scaffold. Europe was amazed. It was as if the squabbles of the French Chambers had destroyed the Marshals of the Empire; or as if the animosity of Whig and Tory had sacrificed our own vikings and paladins. Thanks to their energy, the feeble character and pecuniary difficulties of the sovereign, and the good-will of France and England, the Liberals, after many changes of fortune, were at last fixed in power, and they took good care to secure to themselves a lasting supremacy. They excluded Don Carlos, the head of the Conservatives, from the throne by the revocation of the Salique law: they drove him into exile, and they expelled his adherents from office, “wiping out”—to use an expressive Americanism—the more energetic of them, and as far as possible disarming the rest. The Carlists had no fair excuse for open resistance while Ferdinand VII. survived. But he was soon removed—dying on the 29th of September, 1833—and then the war broke out. The Liberals wielded the government, the great towns, and the army; and the Carlists, which meant the mass of the rural population, gathered strong in Andalusia and Valencia, stronger still in Catalonia and La Mancha, and by tens of thousands in the north-east; so numerous, indeed, that had the party been organized, it would have possessed a very fair chance of success. But there was no such thing as organization therein. Its members were emphatically *old* Spaniards,

and old Spaniards never perform anything to-day that can possibly be deferred till the morrow : which in this instance had long been synonymous with the death of Ferdinand. That event, therefore, found them totally unprepared, without combination, plan, or warlike material, while their opponents had every one of those things, and used them well. The Liberal troops in strength met the Carlists in detail and scattered them in all directions. Santos Ladron, the head of the northern rising, was taken and shot ; Merino was beaten and reduced to a mere guerilla ; and most of the other bands dispersed on the approach of the army. In less than a month the revolt was in its last throes—a few half-naked and dispirited partidas were all that remained in arms by the 29th of October ; and these crouched among the gorges of the Pyrenees, ready to melt away before the first serious attack. Nor was this likely to be long delayed. A well-equipped force, full 20,000 strong, basing its operations on the fortresses of Biscay and Navarre, was preparing to sweep the hills. Everything, in fact, portended a speedy close to the strife, when a single man of inferior rank and no reputation, wealth, or following—a mere half-pay Colonel who had been living under surveillance for the previous two years—joined the fugitives and restored the balance.

This was Zumalacarreguy, and no greater contrast to the conventional Spaniard could well be imagined. He was a short, muscular man of forty-five, with powerful features, and piercing grey eyes—a restless, resolute, silent character, scorning exaggeration and show, contemptuous to eccentricity of small things, bent on great ones, and fully capable of achieving them. It is not usual to hold aloof from rebellion when it is hopeful, just to embrace it at its last gasp as he did. But this was the result of cool calculation. Had he risen among the first he could have obtained but a subordinate post : for he was a man of action, while it is your daring talker who always takes the lead at the outset of popular commotion ; and in an inferior grade, besides being powerless to avert the ruin which he foresaw from such leadership, he might probably have forfeited his life, and would certainly have been too deeply involved in the disgrace ever to hope again for eminence. He decided then to wait and watch, and the crisis came and passed with unexpected speed. Every one of the early leaders failed, and the revolt, springing, as he knew, from fierce, lasting, and almost universal feeling, and wanting nothing but a head to prove a glorious one, was dying out for sheer lack of brain. This was the opportunity of daring ambition, and Zumalacarreguy seized it with an eager hand.

Stealing out at nightfall of October 30, from Pampeluna, he trudged away on foot among the western hills. Towards morning he fell in with a party of Carlists and instantly took the command, to the intense disgust of Ituralde, the former chief, who happened to be some miles off at the time with another fraction of his band. Not willing to be superseded in this cool way, Ituralde instantly despatched a troop to arrest the intruder. The latter was soon found in the neighbourhood of the Borinda pass.

"Arrest me!" thundered Zumalacarreguy, with a look and tone that completely awed the peasants. "Go back directly, seize Ituralde, and bring him here." The men shouldered their weapons, retraced their steps, laid hold of their old leader, and carried him off to the new one. In an hour Ituralde was at liberty, and installed as Zumalacarreguy's lieutenant, and a good and faithful one he proved.

But difficulties infinitely more serious than petty rivalry were thickening round the Carlist. Ten thousand men garrisoned the fortresses, and Sarsfield was coming up from Burgos with 10,000 more. That chief was soon on the ground, and then the whole great force gathered in a semicircle round the guerillas, and bore them helplessly backward to the ridge of the Pyrenees, where 25,000 Frenchmen held the passes in the interests of the Queen. Three days more of autumn and there would have been an end of Zumalacarreguy, when, just at the nick of time, winter interposed and chained the Christinos to inaction. But not the Carlists. All through that winter Zumalacarreguy was indefatigable. He had joined the war not to waste his life harassing the Government as a mere partisan, but to overthrow it as the leader of an army. And before the melting of the snows that gave him the opportunity he had moulded his followers—hardly 800 men all told—into the nucleus of the instrument he desired. He drilled them incessantly, and he brought them into collision with the Christinos under circumstances that rendered success a certainty, thus giving them the great essentials of soldiership—consistence and confidence. He beat up the Christino quarters here and there and everywhere, quadrupling his force by activity, all but sleepless and ubiquitous, and writing every error of his opponents in their blood, until, in less than a fortnight, he became their terror. None of the smaller posts were safe from his swoop, and long before the frost was over they were all withdrawn from the more distant valleys. Of these the Carlists at once took possession, and organized a government of their own in the Bastan, under the presidency of the priest Echeverria. And a very efficient weapon it proved in his hands, its enactments being obeyed everywhere, save just on the spots occupied by the Queen's troops: for the people of the north-east were to a man Carlists.

Sarsfield was a good soldier when he liked his side or happened to be sober. But he was notoriously addicted to wine, and more than suspected of Carlistism. He, therefore, was speedily removed, and Valdez, a thorough Liberal, appointed in his stead. The new generalissimo arrived with the spring, and his first efforts were directed towards the destruction of the insurrectionary government in the Bastan. Early in February, then, he gathered a powerful column at Pampeluna and marched rapidly on Lumbiers, where the Carlist Junta held its sittings. He had only six leagues to traverse, but over such a road,—up hill and down, through defile and torrent, the Kirkstone Pass being a trifle in comparison. If Valdez had ever dreamt of surprising Lumbiers he soon abandoned the idea. Pampeluna was not yet out of sight when, like drops from the tail

of a thunder-cloud, the Carlist balls began to patter among his ranks—three or four at a time—and from every cover that commanded the roads. The aim was good, and the casualties soon rose to a startling figure; while it was useless to return the fire, and worse than useless to pursue the marksmen. Lumbiers was reached at last, but the Junta had escaped hours before up the valley. Thither Valdez determined to follow, and thither the Carlists retreated before him, skirmishing as they went. At last the chosen point was reached: a spot where the road narrowed to a yard or two, and plunged suddenly between precipitous cliffs. Here the Carlists were posted in force. Valdez endeavoured to drive them off; but his wearied ranks attacked with reluctance and recoiled with alacrity. There was nothing left him but retreat, which was dogged and tormented up to the very walls of Pampeluna. The moment he turned his back the Junta was re-established in the Bastan, which thenceforth became the heart of the revolt.

A fortnight after Zumalacarreguy made a dash at Estella—twenty-five miles south-east of Pampeluna—and was repulsed after a sharp encounter. "Never mind," said he to his followers as he withdrew; "better luck next time." Four days after he made a still more daring attack on Vittoria, and all but took the place. He had actually penetrated the centre of the city, when his mountaineers, unable to resist the temptation, scattered to plunder—especially the wine-cellars. While thus agreeably engaged, a panic seized them; out they poured from among the casks, and away they ran in spite of their leader's efforts to rally them, leaving behind thirty of their comrades who had achieved the rather difficult feat of getting helplessly drunk in five minutes. Thus Vittoria was lost as quickly as it had been won. Zumalacarreguy, however, carried off a good deal of plunder and 120 prisoners; and as his own thirty stragglers were immediately shot by the garrison, he slaughtered every man of them. Nor was this by any means the first instance of the kind. From the outset of the strife no quarter was the rule, and, for the first time since Religion had ceased to marshal armies, Europe saw the black flag* with "the death's-head and cross-bones" wave over the ranks of battle, and was horrified with a war of extermination. A few days later Zumalacarreguy made his appearance with a slender following under the walls of Pampeluna. The garrison took the bait, sallied in strength, and was decoyed several marches off among the hills. Then, after doing them as much mischief as he could, the Carlist suddenly vanished. The bewildered Christinos returned footsore to the city, to find that the light-heeled partisan had been there before them, carrying off a valuable convoy from the very gates. A hundred similar feats followed in quick succession. And every success strengthened his ranks, for, on all occasions, his main object was the Christino arms. These he gathered by the score, and for every musket he captured he

* This was the favourite banner of the Carlists, and was occasionally adopted by their opponents.

found a dozen candidates among the mountaineers. Indeed, his 800 dispirited fugitives had multiplied by April to 7,000 daring soldiers; and to a large extent they were an army in equipment as well as in numbers and courage. It must be allowed that in matters of dress they presented rather a motley appearance. Uniform they had none, except the red Biscay cap and the hempen sandal. Along with these some wore the provincial sheepskin jacket; but the majority were arrayed, as taste and fortune willed, in the spoils of the enemy. There was, however, no such variety in armament. Each soldier carried musket and bayonet, but neither cartridge-box nor knapsack. Instead of the first he sported a leather-belt, buckling behind, and stowed in front with twenty tin tubes, each containing a single charge; and in place of the second he bore a canvas-bag, holding a shirt, a pair of sandals, and a day's provision, but nothing else. Zumalacarreguy's arsenal lying altogether in the enemy's ranks, he was still, in spite of his successes, short of many essentials. He had hardly any cavalry. That, however, considering the character of the country, was of very little consequence. A more serious matter was that the strong places were all in the hands of the enemy, while he had no refuge but the hills. Nor could he hope to win one without a battering-train, and as yet he possessed but a single gun. This was an 18-pounder, at least a century old, which had lain abandoned and rusting among the hills ever since the War of Succession. It could seldom be used for want of ammunition, and then it was continually giving way and undergoing amputation about the muzzle; so that it became a by-word in the army that the *abuela*, or grandmother, as the piece was called, would be no longer than a pistol by the time the war was over. On the other hand the *Christinos* were well provided with artillery, used it well, and frequently owed their salvation to it. But the Carlist chief was a man of infinite resource, and having been joined by Tomas Reyna, a young officer of engineers fresh from the military school, he sent him up the *Bastan* to cast a few pieces out of pots, pans, and other such articles. And after a world of trouble and countless failures, Reyna succeeded in producing four very serviceable mortars, to throw the shells which had been taken from the enemy. These pieces were buried among the hills until required; they were then dug up and transported from village to village until they reached the scene of action. This was the duty of the non-combatants, and as they were responsible for the safety of the guns as well as for their transport, they took good care never to be surprised at the work.

Finding the contest expand, the Government organized a formidable body of irregulars for this special service. These, the *Chapelgorras* or *Pesiteros*, being recruited for the most part in Biscay and Navarre, were looked upon as renegades by the Carlists, and hated accordingly. Nor were the *Chapelgorras* slow to return the feeling, or to merit it. Indeed, with their knowledge of the country and their animus, they proved themselves by far the most formidable enemies that the insurgents had to

encounter. Zumalacarreguy also had his special battalions. The extraordinary fiscal system of old Spain rendering smuggling the most lucrative employment in the kingdom, especially along the French border, had trained quite an army of desperadoes in habits of cunning and daring unequalled, except perhaps among the Red Indians. As the war had nearly destroyed their occupation, most of these men took service with Zumalacarreguy, and he soon utilized their special qualities. Dividing them in parties (*partidas*) of twenty to fifty each, he blockaded by their means nearly every one of the Christino garrisons, as follows: One of these *partidas* was placed within gunshot of each gate, with orders to shoot every man and shave the head of every woman attempting to enter the interdicted fortress. Thanks to the bitter party-feeling of the mass of the people, the *partidas* were not very frequently required to carry out these orders. But when circumstances demanded such severity, they shot or shaved, as the case might be, without compunction. As to the garrison, the smugglers were mostly dead shots, and every one that showed upon the ramparts was pretty sure to be turned into a target. Nor were these pests to be driven off, except by a sally in force; and then they retired fighting, to resume their posts the moment the pursuit relaxed. In this way Zumalacarreguy had reduced Pampeluna itself to the greatest straits by the time Valdez laid down his command to become War Minister at Madrid.

The beleaguered city received the prompt attention of Quesada, the new chief. He gathered a convoy, selected his battalions, and marched from Vittoria on the 22nd of April, 1834. Under his protection journeyed several hundred civilians—merchants and others—having business at Pampeluna; so that this particular expedition bore considerable resemblance to the Mecca pilgrimage in the days of the Wahabees. Among the other non-combatants, on his way to wed an heiress of Pampeluna, went the young Count O'Donnell, the gallant scion of a gallant house, which was almost annihilated in this fearful contest. Quesada made his first march without event. He halted that night at the entrance of the Borunda, a very good European edition of the Khyber Pass. Here his scouts warned him that Zumalacarreguy lay in force some distance up the defile. Quesada at once took pen, and indited a very Spanish letter. "You cannot withstand me," wrote he; the "thing is absurd to think of. Lay down your arms then, and disband, while the night gives you the opportunity." This letter he addressed to the "Chief of the Brigands," and despatched with a flag of truce. "There are no brigands here," said Zumalacarreguy, with a grim smile, and the letter was returned unopened. Both armies rose betimes; the Carlists maintained their position, and Quesada resumed his course. A short five miles brought him in sight of the foe. They were posted near Alsassua, in an angle of the gorge. But in spite of his vaunting, the Christino chief shrank from the assault, and took up a defensive post—about the worst thing he could have done, short of absolutely turning his back. His tacit confession of inferiority

had its full effect upon his followers, and Zumalacarreguy gave them little time to recover their spirits. He attacked fiercely in front, and immediately after Ituralde came down on their flank. This was more than the Christinos could stand, so they turned and ran, Quesada among the first. Now, flight through a defile is a fearful thing at the best of times; but doubly so when a swarm of ferocious mountaineers, who know every nook and turn, and who can leap and climb like goats, are thundering in pursuit. But there was one good soldier among the Christinos—the young Count O'Donnel. Rallying with great exertion a company of the Guards, he threw them across the pass, and stemmed the tide of battle until the majority of the fugitives had escaped. Then, surrounded on all sides, he laid down his arms amid the admiration of the Carlists. Quesada's military chest, all his baggage, and many prisoners were taken, and 300 dead buried where they had fallen, while enough of weapons were picked up on the field to arm a new battalion of Carlists. And in spite of O'Donnel's defence, the victory would have been still more complete had not another powerful Christino division come up directly after.

Rallying the remnant of his host under this cover, Quesada turned sharp to the left, climbed the mountains into Guipuscoa, and marched upon Tolosa. There he gathered reinforcements from the neighbouring garrisons, and started once more for Pampeluna, by way of Lecumberri. Three miles north of this pass he was met again by the Carlists, who gave way before his artillery, after inflicting a severer loss than they had suffered. By this roundabout way Quesada reached Pampeluna without further opposition, but, like a true coward, marking every step of his track in blood and fire. Wishing much to save O'Donnel, Zumalacarreguy wrote to the Christinos, proffering an exchange of prisoners. Quesada replied by shooting the few Carlists in his hands. These were but five in all, one being the alcalde of a neighbouring hamlet. In return, the stern Carlist shot O'Donnel and three other officers for the alcalde, and twenty-four soldiers for the four volunteers. O'Donnel offered a large ransom for his life, but finding that ineffectual, he died as he had fought, like a hero.

The news of this success spread like wild-fire. Animated thereby, the Carlists resumed their arms in several other provinces; and a number of gallant spirits, some of them English, but most of them French Legitimists, made their way through the cordon, and threw themselves heart and soul into the desperate strife, generally to perish therein. As for Zumalacarreguy, the open country was now in his hands. Nothing remained to the Liberals except the fortresses. Nor did they dare to move, except in formidable masses and covered by a powerful artillery.

Quesada found it as difficult to get out of Pampeluna as to get into it. Mustering 5,000 men, he made a dash up the Bastan, gained the pass of Lecumberri without opposition, entered Guipuscoa, and endeavoured to

reach Vittoria by the great northern road. But Zavalla and the mountaineers of Biscay, fresh from a recent victory, flung themselves into a strong position right across his path, and, in spite of himself, he was compelled to cross the ridge into the dreaded Borunda, where Zumalacarreguy lay in wait. Hearing of his chief's extremity, Lorenzo, who commanded in Pampeluna, sallied out with 5,000 men, and encountered the Carlists at Goulinas, in the depths of the defile. They were hourly expecting Quesada in the other direction, but they shrank not from the shock. The pass narrows at Goulinas to some ten yards, and winds thus for more than a furlong between two gigantic rocks called the Sisters, that rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet. Lorenzo drew back from the fight with the loss of 600 men, as many muskets, and great quantities of ammunition, and returned to his hold. Thither Quesada followed him a few hours later, the Carlists having unbarred the pass to his comparatively fresh troops. Quesada, it was evident, could not cope with the mountain chief,—so he was recalled, and Rodil, esteemed the best captain of his party, appointed in his stead.

Rodil came up from a very successful campaign in Portugal with a great reputation and 10,000 fresh men. A powerful reinforcement this; but hardly so many as had been lost by disease, hardship, battle, and execution since the commencement of this inconceivably destructive war. Pampeluna was his first object also, and leaving 4,000 of his men in various posts between Vittoria and Logrona, he entered the place on the 6th of July with the remainder, and released Quesada. There he paused long enough to issue a ferocious proclamation, and then took the field. Rodil was, in canting phrase, "a tower of strength" to the Christinos. And, oddly enough, the Carlists had just obtained a similar object in the person of Don Carlos. This very respectable, but rather addle-headed prince had at last consented to cut off his moustaches,* and run the blockade, under the guidance of a clever adventurer, Monsieur Auguet, alias the Baron de los Valles, a character who had been soldier, bagman, journalist, political intriguer—everything, except perhaps priest, by turns, and who had shown himself a consummate traveller in dark and devious paths. Directed by him, Don Carlos found no difficulty in traversing France, and crossing the borders to Zumalacarreguy's head-quarters, where he arrived on the 14th of July.

The main body of the Carlists were now massed in the Amescuas. This is a sort of Spanish Dartmoor, a singular maze of mountain and ravine, covering an area of 500 square miles, between the Borunda, the Ebro, and the Arga. A few villages, connected by goat-paths, dot its surface, and it is tenanted only by herdsmen and hunters, flocks and wolves. Valueless in an agricultural point of view, it was of the highest importance as a military position, lying as it did in the midst of the principal

* "He began with remarkable cheerfulness by cutting away his moustaches—a sacrifice at all times painful to a Castilian. The amiable Madame B. had taken upon herself the task of dying his hair."—DE LOS VALLES.

fortresses, and commanding the two great roads to Pampeluna, the key of the north. Round the Amescuas, Rodil gathered his troops; 7,000 men, under Espartero and Jauregui, occupied the northern road; while the Generalissimo himself, with 16,000, held the highway to the south. In this position the hosts remained for some days. But Zumalacarreguy felt that delay was his worst foe, and since Rodil would not take the initiative, he assumed it himself. Early on the 28th, then, a cloud of skirmishers issued from the rocks and assailed Rodil's centre. The latter met them vigorously, and the affair grew warmer as the day advanced, until by noon 7,000 men were engaged in it on the part of the Christinos. Zumalacarreguy gave way before this mass, Rodil pursued exulting, and the fight rolled back among the mountains, until, without knowing exactly how the thing had happened, the Liberal general found himself involved in the narrow gorge that communicates between the upper Amescuas and the lower, and assailed on every side. But Rodil was a different man to Quesada—an able, iron veteran, who had the full confidence of his soldiers, and he extricated himself from the trap, though not without great exertion, and much peril and heavy loss. While smarting from this defeat, Rodil heard that Zumalacarreguy's youngest child—not a year old—was at nurse in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna: he seized the baby, and, as a military execution was here out of the question, sent it to the foundling hospital.

Don Carlos, who proved no great acquisition to the army, now removed to the seat of government in the Bastan. Rodil, hearing of this, determined to drive the pretender over the frontier or take him prisoner. With this view, he carried the mass of his army into the Bastan. Zumalacarreguy took advantage of his absence to despatch a flying column over the Ebro, and then followed hard on his track. Rodil hunted Don Carlos out of the Bastan, followed him to Guipuscoa, chased him back to the Bastan again, thence through the Amescuas, and hither and thither through Biscay and Arragon, with the persistence of a bloodhound, for more than a month. The Prince during this time led some such life as the younger Stuart after Culloden. He had a hundred narrow escapes, and would infallibly have been taken but for the devotion of Eraso, another Carlist hero, and, to our thinking, of a mould even superior to Zumalacarreguy. The latter, conscious of his high qualities, had not long before proffered him the command. But Eraso was wasting in the grasp of a mortal disease, which carried him off a year later, and made that an excuse for declining the honour. The most robust health, however, could not have been more watchful and unwearying in charge of the Prince than Eraso, and, thanks to him, Rodil was always baffled. This, however, does not appear, to the eye of calm reason, to have been the best thing for the Carlist cause. At large, Don Carlos proved its ruin. But a prisoner, what could the Liberals have done with him? Would he not have been the source of contention among them, the origin of divisions, the centre of intrigue? And how greatly these things would

have aided the exertions of the military chiefs need not be told. Rodil took a fearful revenge for his disappointment, burning and destroying wherever he set foot, and conducting his flying march with too much skill to give his indefatigable pursuer half a chance. A month without a victory was a new thing to the Carlists, and, with Rodil's ravages unavenged, depressed them like a defeat. Zumalacarreguy looked eagerly in all directions for an opportunity of striking such a stroke as should renerve his men, and soon found exactly what he wanted.

Thinking him sufficiently occupied in another quarter, a convoy was got ready by the Christinos, and despatched by the southern road to Pampeluna, in charge of General Carondolet and a sufficient escort. But, as usual, the Carlist captain had timely notice of the movement. Carondolet gained Estella, more than half way, and passed two miles beyond without interruption. There, however, the road winds through the dense woods and wild rocks of St. Faustus, and in those woods, and behind those rocks, close as tigers by the jungle-path, lay the Carlists. Not a banner waved, not a musket gleamed, not a whisper breathed in their ranks. The Christino van plunged heedless into the pass: the main body followed singing, and the rear-guard, closing the careless march, disappeared beneath the boughs. Half the green arcade was passed. Then a bugle pealed up from the mountain fern, right and left flashed a deafening volley, and fierce through the smoke rushed the Carlists with the bayonet. Carondolet escaped, but his column was destroyed and his convoy captured. Among the prisoners was the Grandee Via Manuel. Won by his bearing, Zumalacarreguy again attempted to arrest the cold-blooded slaughter of prisoners. But Rodil had stringent orders to spare none, and his iron heart was only too willing to carry them out. Via Manuel, therefore, perished, like *ten thousand others*, in this terrible strife.

Giving up his fruitless chase, Rodil adopted another plan, and set to work vigorously fortifying the passes and building block-houses through the valleys, with the view of confining the Carlists to the hill-tops, and thus eventually starving them into submission. It was a shrewd device; but Rodil was not permitted to profit by it. Meanwhile, his opponent was just as busy on his side. Carondolet, as we have seen, had escaped from St. Faustus; but Zumalacarreguy had not done with him yet. The Franco-Spaniard lay, with 800 foot and 600 horse, in Viana, on the Ebro. There were fourteen miles of comparative plain between this town and the Amescuas, and the streets were trenched and barricaded. Carondolet, therefore, thought himself in full security, and kept corresponding watch. Zumalacarreguy, however, held a different opinion. Most of his men were Christinos in dress, and not to be distinguished from them at a distance. So, on the 4th of September, he moved with four battalions and his handful of horsemen on the town, detaining every one he met by the way. So skilfully did he manage, and so carelessly did Carondolet watch, that the surprise was complete. After a faint attempt at resistance, the

Christinos fled, most of them to a convent too strong for a *coup de main*; and Zumalacarreguy, having killed 400 of the enemy, and captured 200 horses, besides prisoners and baggage, retired before the garrison of Logrono, only three miles off, could come up in relief.¹

The able and energetic Rodil had taxed Zumalacarreguy's resources to the utmost, and repeatedly reduced the Carlists to great straits. He had ravaged to a vast extent, sparing neither hovel, mill, convent, nor church. But, though the divisions under his own immediate control had escaped any serious disaster, his lieutenants had been ceaselessly beaten. And, while he had lost enormously—not less than 10,000 men—during his short tenure of command, he had not a single triumph to allege in extenuation. He was therefore recalled, and Mina named to replace him. But Mina being in bad health, some time had to elapse before he could appear on the scene, and Rodil determined if possible to redeem his lost fame in the interval. And well did he bestir himself. In a week he had thrown six strong columns round the Amescuas, numbering 30,000 men in all. As for Zumalacarreguy, he had hardly a fifth of that number in hand. He had fifty blockades to maintain, for a great part of his strength depended on the protection which he gave the peasants against the marauding garrisons. And, besides, the withering tactics of Rodil had dispirited his men to such an extent that, in spite of his victories, they had fallen away of late by hundreds. Dissension, too, that sure forerunner of ruin, was beginning to appear everywhere, except in his own presence. But the hero himself was far from despairing. And never did he display such astonishing activity. To-day he was across the Ebro, to-morrow at the gates of Pampeluna; at midnight he swept the Borunda; at noon he cut off a detachment in sight of Tafalla. For days the Christinos knew not where to look for him, and could do no more than stand to their arms. At length he took a wider sweep than usual over the Ebro. Rodil heard of the movement, threw a cordon along the fords behind him, and, confident that he was now secure fifty miles off to the south, he thought he might safely venture a convoy through the dreaded Borunda, under shelter of Osma's powerful division. Osma paused on the night of the 27th of October at the village of Alegria, midway between Vittoria and Salvatierra. At daybreak he heard a scattered firing in the direction of the latter town. Knowing that its governor was expected at Vittoria with a number of political prisoners, he concluded that his march had been assailed by a troop of partidas, and despatched Brigadier O'Doyle with 3,000 men and two guns to disengage him. Osma was right as to the cause of the firing. The governor of Salvatierra had indeed been intercepted and driven back with his prisoners; but by something more formidable than mere partidas. After marching a league, O'Doyle, much to his astonishment, came full upon Zumalacarreguy with a force as numerous as his own, ranged in order of battle. The Carlists were advancing, and O'Doyle took up a position a little to the north of the road, with his right and his guns on a hill, and his left covered by a wood. The Carlists, maddened by Rodil's

ravages, charged headlong through a terrible fire and broke the Christinos. Just at this instant Ituralde, who had been detached with this very purpose, took them in the rear. The fight subsided into a massacre, for the Christinos threw away their weapons to fly, and the Carlists gave no quarter until wearied with slaying. O'Doyle's division was destroyed, and himself falling with his horse made prisoner. He was brought to Zumalacarreguy. "Life—life, for God's sake, life!" pleaded the prisoner. "A confessor, quick!" replied the Carlist. O'Doyle, his brother, and the other captive officers were led aside, allowed a short shrift; and then—six paces, a file of mountaineers, and a shallow grave for each. Sunday morning broke, a dozen priests threw down their muskets to sing a hasty mass for the slain, and the god of battles resumed his sway. Osma was soon warned of O'Doyle's defeat. He heard, too, that a number of fugitives had shut themselves up in Arieta—a neighbouring village—and concluded that this meant the greater part of the division, instead of between 300 and 400 men, as was really the fact, for he never dreamt of such a crushing defeat. He marched promptly to the rescue with four guns and 4,000 men, all that were left of his command. Hearing of his approach Zumalacarreguy marshalled his ranks. "Here," said he, "comes Osma and his men. We did well yesterday, what shall we do to-day, fight or retreat?" "Fight, fight!" yelled the Carlists, rushing unbidden to the attack. Osma had hardly time to form his line when the foe was upon and through it. Nothing could stand before them, and the field was lost and won in a twinkling. But the slaughter was less on this occasion, because, in the first place, the Christinos had a clear course for flight; in the second, Vittoria and its powerful garrison was at hand; and in the third, Zumalacarreguy had thought fit to cry "Quarter!" The slain, however, were sufficiently numerous. 2,000 bodies were buried after both actions, and of these hardly 150 were Carlists. Many valiant deeds were done on both days, and among the very bravest of the victors, ever first in the fire, was a little shrivelled one-armed old man, wearing a round white hat and a blue dress-coat, flourishing a rapier as long as himself, and stumbling along on a ragged piebald pony. This quixotish figure was the Marquis Valdespina, a man who had sacrificed 20,000*l.* a year to his opinions.

That night the Carlists retired in two divisions. With the first went the mass of the prisoners, numbering 600, and with the second marched 100 more, who had been captured towards the close of the pursuit, too late to be sent to the rear. The officer guarding them had but 30 men, and felt seriously embarrassed with his charge. "What shall I do?" inquired he. "Tie them," replied the general. "There are no cords." "Then kill them!" and Zumalacarreguy rode off. Directly after, an aide-de-camp galloped up to the captain—but not to countermand the order—nothing of the kind. "Get rid of these fellows as soon as you can," said the aide, "but take care not to alarm Ituralde's division by any firing." The escort fixed bayonets—the rest is horrible.

The last defeats appalled the Christinos, and gave new life to the insurrection, which, under the terrible Cabrera, soon flamed up in Catalonia, only less fiercely than in Navarre. But still the strong towns remained with the Liberals. Their great antagonist lacked even the means of winning such a paltry place as Seoma, which repelled his assault with some loss. A short time after, he was disappointed of a valuable convoy which he would infallibly have taken but for that then rare thing among the Carlists—Marolta being yet unknown—a piece of treachery. The alcalde of Miranda, a man deep in their secrets, had been bought over by the other side. Aware of Zumalacarreguy's purpose, and determined to frustrate it, he procured a Liberal priest to write a letter after his dictation. This he despatched by a trusty messenger, and the convoy was saved. That night the three were arrested in their beds, tried by court-martial, convicted and shot before daybreak—confessing their guilt. Indeed, it was useless to deny it. The general showed himself perfectly acquainted with every step they had taken in the matter, though how he had gained his knowledge nobody could tell. This and several similar incidents gave him a strange and singularly useful repute with the vulgar. They would as soon have thought of playing false with the Virgin, or cheating the Prince of Darkness as Zumalacarreguy. But there was nothing very occult in the affair. He made as large a use of spies as the ablest leaders usually do, and that was all.

One of the chief of his spies was Ximenes, a little old peasant of Villafranca on the Arga. Unlike the rest of his tribe, this man served his party out of pure affection. Two of his sons were fighting for Don Carlos; but the eldest, the family scapegrace, had taken service with the Liberals, and held the fortified church of Villafranca at the head of fifty irregulars. These brigands, and particularly their captain, were the terror of the country round, shooting men, carrying off women, and levying black mail to a fearful extent; but, bad as they were, being not a whit worse than any one of a hundred other Liberal garrisons. Zumalacarreguy determined to extirpate this particular nest of marauders, so he sent a strong party against them one night, under the guidance of old Ximenes. The robbers, ever watchful, detecting the advancing column, retired to their hold; but the assailants came on in overwhelming force and battered down the doors. The irregulars, however, retreated to the steeple, and broke away the stairs behind them. Having no time to starve them out, the Carlists resolved to try what fire could effect. Heaps of combustible matter—wood, tow, and skins of brandy—were collected, and the flame soon rose fiercely, lighting the gloom for leagues. It fastened on the woodwork of the building, and one after another the floors fell in; then the bells toppled down; but the gang, or such of them as survived, wedged themselves in the crevices and the deep windows, and remained as obstinate as ever. The fire died out at last, but the smoke—the worse enemy of the two—rose thicker than ever, and the assailants soon rendered it unbearable by the addition of several bundles of pimento to the pile. After vainly

attempting to make terms, the villains surrendered at discretion. It was then found that ten women and eleven children had been with them in the steeple. Three of the former and four of the latter had perished by shot or suffocation, and twenty of the brigands. The survivors, of course, were shot. Nor did Ximenes make the slightest attempt to save his first-born.

Accompanied by Don Carlos, Zumalacarreguy next made a sort of triumphal procession through Navarre. One after another he appeared before the principal fortresses—Los Arcos, Estella, and Pampeluna, daring their powerful garrisons to battle. But though Mina, who had just come up, was in the last with 12,000 men, all declined the challenge. For the Government had issued a decree forbidding their troops to engage unless with “a decided superiority of numbers.” And what “a decided superiority of numbers” meant in the present demoralized state of their troops, the Christino leaders in general were inclined to put at a figure so high that there was small chance of drawing them into an engagement unless by surprise. At length, on the 12th of December, Cordova, with 12,000 men, met the Carlist leader with something less than 2,000 on a fair field, and as nobody could doubt that there was here the requisite superiority, Cordova engaged, and handled his opponent with some severity. The defeat, however, was not a rout, and three days afterwards Zumalacarreguy again met Cordova, not far from the same spot. But as on this occasion the Carlists were rather more than one to six, the result was very considerably different. They killed and wounded 1,500 of the foe, and deprived them of 3,000 muskets and as many uniforms, which meant an addition to their own ranks of an equal number of men. A similar victory closed the old year, and a third of equal importance opened 1835.

Towards the end of February, Mina, who had received powerful reinforcements, undertook some such chase as his predecessor, only instead of hunting Don Carlos, Mina chased the Carlist artillery; but with the very smallest success. Zumalacarreguy, too, was fully employed, though in quite another way. Giving his attention to the strong places, he assailed Elisonda in the Bastan, won a battle, and failed. He then attempted Zega, in the same quarter, with the same result. He resumed his attempt on Elisonda, and had to retreat before Mina, who came up with overwhelming numbers. At last, on the 18th of February, he brought a siege to a successful close, and entered Los Arcos. There he captured an hospital, 600 muskets, four guns, and a large magazine, and shot all the officers taken with arms in their hands. Some few days later he pounced on a convoy, and sustained a harsh repulse. Without a pause, he dashed straight from the field towards the Bastan, whither Mina was leading 5,000 men. The latter had a long start, but Zumalacarreguy managed to head him, and took up one of his favourite positions in a narrow gorge, half way up the valley. A fierce fight ensued, for here Greek met Greek. Mina forced his way through, but he lost all his

cavalry. The Government poured reinforcements into the country, until their army mustered 60,000 men; but the Carlist captain pursued his course unchecked. Aided by the guns captured at Los Arcos, he took Arenas, a post which Rodil had fortified in the centre of the Borunda. Here he found four more guns, and the garrison to a man entered his ranks. In revenge for this success, Mina bayoneted forty wounded Carlists in one place and twenty in another, besides shooting one in every five of the male inhabitants of a number of villages who had been employed in the transport of the Carlist artillery. He had, however, the generosity to restore his child to Zumalacarreguy, of whom, indeed, he always spoke in unqualified praise. "That man," he was accustomed to remark, "would make soldiers out of the very trees." On the 24th of March, the Carlist intercepted a body of new troops, 6,000 in number, near Los Arcos. The affair that ensued was well disputed, and lasted two days, the Christinos being finally defeated, with the loss of their general and 1,600 men. Next day the unwearied chief was across the Amescos, attacking Maestu, another of Rodil's fortifications. 10,000 Christinos issued from Vittoria to its relief, and the assailant drew off, to swoop down again upon his prey the moment the column receded. He found, however, that the Liberals had saved him all further trouble there, by blowing up the works. It was now Mina's turn to be disgraced. He had won a great reputation in a great war, and against great captains; but though he had not suffered like Quesada and Rodil, he had clearly proved his inability to cope with such a man as Zumalacarreguy; so he too was recalled, and Valdez, the War Minister, took his place.

By this the Carlist army counted full 80,000 men, all good soldiers, and, artillery aside, all tolerably armed. But they were greatly hampered by the strong places and the difficulty of obtaining powder. The fortresses usually paralyzed one half of their strength; indeed, were it not for them they would have closed the struggle triumphantly within the first year. And they were again and again checked in the moment of victory by the failure of ammunition. To conceal his deficiency in this essential, Zumalacarreguy was accustomed to delay the distribution of cartridges until the foe was in sight, and thus neither friend nor foe could tell with what insignificant provision he went into action. As to the support of this host: the country willingly provided rations, and its leader clothed and armed it from the Christino magazines, and paid it largely out of the Christino military chest. He gathered large sums, too, by way of contribution; and much money found its way into his hands from abroad—some from Italy and Austria, more from Russia and the Legitimists of France, but most of all from the other quarters of Spain, where the clergy especially were indefatigable in gathering funds for this, in their view, apostolic contest; though, had they known Zumalacarreguy, his broad views and great plans, and the reforms he contemplated in Spain, they would hardly have been so enthusiastic in his cause. The country where he fought was not so wasted as might have been supposed. Indeed,

contrary to the received opinion, the seat of war usually gains in point of wealth, unless when victory is directed by chiefs like Napoleon, Attila, and Wallenstein, who make the miserable people support the strife that whirls across their fields. But Napoleons, Attilas, and Wallensteins are exceptional leaders. Modern hostilities are conducted on another plan than theirs; the combatants bleed even more in purse than in person; and while their bodies fatten the soil on which they strive, their money generally goes to swell the pockets of the natives. So it was in Holland during the forty years' war with Spain; so it was in France during the contests of the League; and so to a great extent it was at this period in Biscay and Navarre, whither all the wealth of Spain flowed in a steady current, until the treason of Marolta, the incapacity of Don Carlos, and the wish of many of his chiefs to enjoy their gains, put an end to the strife.

Valdez was brave and skilful, and not less generous and humane. He alone of all the Christino chiefs hitherto had dared to show mercy to the vanquished. He had been known to place the Carlist prisoners in situations that facilitated escape, and he had repeatedly filled the pockets of their wounded out of his own wealth, and sent them to their homes. But he, too, had been perverted by the strife, and he resumed the command bent on exterminating the enemy. In his case this fell resolve was the result of deliberate reasoning, and not in any particular of passion. Thus, and thus only, did he consider that the Carlists were to be vanquished. And fortifying his reluctant heart by the cruel examples of history, he made up his mind to play the 'demon to the uttermost. "Submit within fifteen days," said his proclamation to the insurgents, "or I give your whole population to fire and sword. The measure is a painful one, but sentiment must give way to the national welfare: the burning of Moscow saved Russia. To you then I bring peace, or *Extermination*—make your choice." But the mountaineers saw another and a brighter alternative, and continued the strife.

Valdez reached Vittoria on the 16th of April; his proclamation came out on the 17th; and on the 18th he started with 9,000 men to slaughter, burn, and destroy in the Amescosas. Zumalacarreguy was then in Guipuscoa, where the news quickly reached him, and rousing his nearest battalions, he rushed at speed through the pass of Lecumberri in the midst of a storm of sleet, and came up with Valdez near Eulate, in the centre of the Amescosas, after a forty-miles' march through the mountains. The Christino chief was amazed. Not feeling himself sufficiently strong to face these iron bands he retreated at once, and, thanks to the weariness of his opponents, without much loss. By this time, however, several divisions had concentrated at Vittoria in obedience to his orders, and leaving a powerful garrison behind him, he marched again on the 20th for the Amescosas at the head of 18,000 men.

The Borunda divides the Pyrenees of Guipuscoa from the Sierra de Andia. The latter is a double chain running east from the plains of

Vittoria for twenty-five or thirty miles, to the neighbourhood of Pampeluna; there it turns sharply to the south for fifteen or twenty miles, and ends abruptly near Estella. Between these ridges lie the gorges called the Amescos—the lower stretching east and west, the upper north and south. These ravines abound in strong posts, and are connected and entered by unusually difficult passes. Southward and eastward to within a few miles of the Ebro lie numerous other broad ridges and narrow gorges—the whole wilderness, for such it is, being known as the Amescos. Valdez entered the valley, and the people took to the crags with all they could carry off, for whatever was left behind was devoted to destruction. Zumalacarreguy threw out some of his battalions to worry the front and flank of the invading column, while with the others he closed up the rear. The Christinos moved on through the valley in a single dense mass, burning the villages and shooting the people and the cattle indiscriminately as they passed along, but not with impunity. Grey boulders, gnarled roots, and thickets covered the declivities, and every one of them spouted fire and death on the destroyers. There were countless impediments in the way, and every mile took an hour to cover: so the night fell long before Valdez had cleared the lower Amescos. He dared not pass the hours of darkness in the gorge: so he climbed the ridge and bivouacked there miserably, for the wind was bitterly cold, and in the confusion of the ascent the Carlists had captured all the sumpter mules. By daybreak the column was again in motion, still burning and destroying, and harassed, if possible, even more than yesterday. Stragglers fell off at every step from weariness and wounds, for none dared plunder, and every one died.

The second night came, and again the Christinos climbed the ridge, but not to rest. The sleet fell ceaselessly on their unsheltered heads, and a swarm of busy partidas compelled them to stand to their arms till morning. Then the only thought in their famishing ranks was how to escape. Estella was only five miles off; but five such miles! The Borunda, terrible as it was, was a jest to the path that led thither. That path, however, must be attempted; for as to retracing the march, another day in these uplands would have destroyed the army. From the heights where they stood a goat-path led down between precipitous cliffs, and Zumalacarreguy with 800 men lined a copse at the bottom. Behind the latter for half a mile the narrow pass descended rapidly between a roaring torrent on the one side and a wall of rock 500 feet high on the other. Valdez brought his guns to the verge of the cliff, and under cover of their fire flung his van to the assault. But the Carlists kept their ground relentlessly. Again and again, and still again, the Christinos rushed down the hill, but always to be thrust back by the fire and steel of the foe. Thus four hours dragged along. Then Zumalacarreguy's ammunition began to fail, and he strained his ears to hear the volleys of his main body in the rear of the Christinos. But they rang not yet; for the mountain was hard to climb and difficult to

traverse. At last a leading officer of the Carlists was struck and fell, some slight confusion followed and suspended the fire, and before it could be renewed 4,000 men had forced the descent. Valdez was saved, by a hair's-breadth, for at that instant the Carlists in the rear came up, and their heavy fire began to smite his ranks. The fight was now a curious one. Valdez was fiercely driving Zumalacarreguy, and Gomez, Ituralde, and Eraso were still more fiercely driving Valdez down the frightful gorge. The Carlists in the van were in great danger, and their chief confessed it in characteristic form: he dismounted and sent away his horse. The rushing mass behind threatened to overwhelm him every moment. But not a man in his ranks faltered. Inch by inch he gave way before the pressure, checking its fury every few minutes with a close volley and the bayonet. At last the defile was cleared, the Carlists opened to the right and left, and the flying host dashed through, scattering their arms on all sides, and racing at the top of their speed towards Estella; but not quite quick enough. The Carlist bullets smote them down in heaps up to the very gates. For miles the road was covered with weapons and accoutrements, Zumalacarreguy gathering enough to equip 4,000 recruits. Valdez lost all his baggage and 3,000 men, of whom only eighty were prisoners. And had the foe not failed of ammunition, himself and his whole army would have been among the things of the past.

The Carlists followed up this great victory with several minor ones. Among others, Gomez beat Espartero and destroyed 500 of his men in Biscay; and Cuevillas and Elia defeated Oraa, with the loss of 1,000, in the Bastan. And these triumphs must have been all the more gratifying to the victors since they were unstained by the slaughter of their prisoners; for by this time the efforts of France and England to stay this atrocious system of war had attained success, and the Elliot convention had come into operation, much against the will of many leading Liberals, but just in time to stave off the vengeance which some of them had right well deserved.

The Christinos shut themselves up in the fortresses, which were immediately blockaded by the Carlists. Zumalacarreguy attacked the smaller posts, hoping thus to win artillery sufficient to enable him to master the larger ones. Treviso, five miles from Vittoria, was carried first, and Villafranca, in Guipuscoa, was invested next. Espartero sallied from Bilboa with 7,000 men to relieve it. He dreamt of surprising the besieging force, and set out one stormy night—to be utterly surprised himself. Zumalacarreguy, as usual, had penetrated the project of his antagonist, and taken the necessary precautions. Accordingly, while the Christinos were marching along the Descarga heights in the darkness and the rain, the head of their column was suddenly assailed by Eraso, and rolled back on the rear. All was instantly confusion in their ranks, and though they ran fast enough, 1,800 of them were made prisoners. Villafranca, with 1,300 men and large magazines, surrendered next day.

Bergara, Eybar, and a number of other places followed the example, and Tolosa, Durango, and Salvatierra were abandoned. The Christinos were utterly demoralized, and had no hope left but foreign intervention. Zumalacarreguy looked round on his followers, now 40,000 strong, and worth three times the number of Liberals. There was nothing but enthusiasm in his ranks, and nought but apprehension among the foe. He was satisfied. The longed-for hour had struck. "Now," said he, "now for Madrid."

It was not to be. The Prince shrank from the daring march, and commanded the hero to invest Bilboa. He obeyed; but from that instant the shadow of death darkened over him. "He looks as if he were going to a funeral," remarked the men, struck by the unwonted gloom. And, alas! the impression conveyed by his features was not belied. Shortly after the siege opened, a musket-shot, evidently discharged at random, struck him in the leg. With anybody else, the wound might have been severe perhaps, but not at all dangerous. His restless spirit, however, could not brook the confinement of a sick bed. He chafed and fretted himself into a fever, and in a week he was no more. He died on the 23rd of June, 1835, leaving a gallant army and splendid hopes to his Prince, and his horse, his sword, and 48*l.* in gold to his family. "As a partisan, I rejoice," said Mina, on hearing of the catastrophe; "but as a Spaniard, I must weep. My country has lost a man for whose like she may long look in vain." High and merited praise was this, but not exactly correct. For, as we remarked at the outset, Spain is always reproducing Viriatus, that is—ZUMALACARREGUY.

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The Records of the Venetian Inquisition.

On entering Venice for the first time, notwithstanding the brightness of the strange beauty, so unlike anything else in all the world, which is around the visitor on all sides, there are probably few persons, part of the excitement of whose imaginations upon the occasion is not due to romantically terrible notions of the ways and dealings of the old Venetian Government. Even as the bright laughing gondola-life skims over the surface of dark voiceless waters, whose depths seem to cover the secrets of so many generations, so to the reader of that which is generally given to the world as Venetian history, does the brilliant and splendid story of the old Republic seem to overlie mysterious and unfathomable depths of terror, tyranny, and secret deeds of relentless and resistless power. When the stranger turns his first eager steps to the Ducal Palace—that grandest expression in stone of national power and magnificence, that the world has ever yet seen—when he passes awe-struck up the Giant Stair, and paces those exquisitely beautiful corridors, while

A thousand years their dusky wings expand
Around him,

his eyes and thoughts may first be turned to all the world of art in its highest expressions, which lies on every side, and to the consummate beauty of every kind that invites his gaze. But, if he have any tincture of historical lore, and any capacity of imagination in him, the liveliest thrill of excited interest will be felt when he passes through the low-browed little door in the great gallery on the first floor, which gives him admittance to the dark staircases that lead to the terrible "Pozzi;" or when, from the little room on the highest floor of the Palace in which the awful "Three" held their sittings, he climbs the narrow stair by which the condemned reached the yet more dreadful prisons of the "Piombi."

Who has not read the abounding stories divulged to all people in all lands by poets in verse and poets in prose, and stamped in many cases by the hall-mark of genius, which have prepared the mind for that pleasurable thrill of excitement and interest? And are there not still extant, palpable to touch and evident to sight, the material proofs of the genuineness of such narratives,—proofs of a nature eminently calculated to enhance to the utmost, by their actual presence to the senses, the vividness of the thrill? There gapes the awful "Lion's mouth." You may actually drop into it, with your own fingers, if you please, an anonymous denunciation of any man or any thing, pretending to glance suspiciously around, even as did the last person before you who used it for its terrible purposes. Only your billet will lie there innocuous till the

unmoved dust consume it. There is still that fearful seat of stone hard by the secret exit of the "Pozzi" to the discreet and silent canal, on which the victim to be strangled was placed for execution. There, deep among the foundations of the colossal walls which support far above the noble halls, glorious with all the majesty and the splendour of the gorgeous Republic, are those ever silent, hopeless "Pozzi" themselves, exactly in the state in which they were left by their latest prisoner. There can hardly be an imagination so dull as not to be powerfully excited by these objects and places, and scarcely a visitor to them so unread as to be unprepared for the excitement by all that has been written of the terrible tribunal at whose word these awful prisons opened and closed their doors.

And now that the terrible "Three" exist no more, and that those fearful prison-doors open at the beck of any hand that has a franc in it, it cannot be denied that the thrill produced in the visitor is a not disagreeable sensation, and that the romance of the thing is one of the pleasures of a visit to the ancient Queen of the Adriatic. It may well be, therefore, that to some persons a sober and accurately historical account of the famed tribunal and its doings, which must have the effect of dissipating some portion of the romance and all the mystery, that has hitherto belonged to the subject, may not be welcome. Nevertheless there is no spot so sacred to mystery and bugaboo, that the curious but calm eye of history will not sooner or later peer into it; and it is as well that the simple truth should be told and known, even respecting the dread "Three" of the Venetian Inquisition.

A portion of the romance which hangs about the subject will have to be dissipated; not all by any means. If the tribunal of the Inquisition of Venice was believed by its contemporaries, and has ever since been believed, to be something much more terrible and dangerous than it really was, it was not only the fault of that institution that such was the case; it was their wish and express purpose that it should be so. It was an essential and carefully practised part of their system to envelop their operations in mystery. Their object was to be supposed to be ubiquitous and omniscient. And they struck, when they did strike, in a manner which was calculated to give the impression of an unseen but ever-present and resistless hand. In a word, it was their policy to accomplish their objects as much by operating on the imaginations of the citizens as by the exercise of power over their persons. No account was ever rendered to any one of any of their doings, and no record was kept of them, save in their own absolutely secret and jealously guarded archives.

From these circumstances it naturally and necessarily resulted that mere rumour and fiction, more or less mingled with fact, took the place of history in all that concerned the doings of the dreaded "Three." But such rumours and tales were consolidated into the semblance of history, and these fictions were, more or less wittingly and of set purpose, presented to the world as such by the Frenchman, Daru, whose *History of Venice* was for many years the principal source of the historical notions commonly

current in Europe upon the subject. The Comte Pierre Ant. Noel Bruno Daru published, in 1819, his *History of Venice*, in seven octavo volumes; and it quickly assumed the position of the *History of Venice*, from which the world of general readers gathered their knowledge of Venetian story. It was systematically written with a view to discredit and blacken the old Government of the Republic. And most readers are now aware what is to be expected from a French writer under such circumstances! Justice has long since been done by more than one competent hand on Comte Daru's book. But many of the tales and notions, which first derived their birth from it, still circulate in popular guide-books and the like, and in the minds of those not more accurately informed than the general tourist can be expected to be.

Moreover, it is only quite recently that it has been possible to obtain the information, which alone could serve as a basis for a true and authentic story of the practices and doings of the Venetian Inquisition. It has been said that the only record of these was kept with all secrecy by the tribunal itself. Absolutely nothing could or can be known with certainty of the maxims, procedure, and *modus operandi* of the Inquisition, without access to these archives. And it is only quite recently, as I have said, that such access has been possible.

Among the almost incredibly enormous masses of records of the Republic, which are preserved in the vast halls of the "Frari," there are eighteen huge folio volumes, bound in parchment, and lettered *Annotations of the Inquisitors of State*. These volumes contain the whole of the records of that institution. Years ago they were removed, together with large masses of other documents, to Vienna. There no person was permitted to have access to them; not, in all probability, in consequence of any desire on the part of the Austrians to keep the secrets of the Venetian Inquisitors, but probably because the masses of papers brought away were allowed to remain unexamined and unarranged in the cases in which they had been brought across the Alps. But in 1868, by virtue of a clause in the treaty of peace signed between Austria and Italy in 1866, these volumes, together with very many other documents, were restored to Italy, and replaced in their old resting-place at the "Frari," where they are now freely at the disposition of the studious. The results of this accessibility will shortly be laid before historical students in two works: one by the Cavaliere Armando Baschet, who will give the fruit of his diligent examination of all the recorded processes, as well as of the correspondence of the Inquisitors with their agents; and the other by Signor Giulio Crivellari, who has nearly ready a work entitled *The Criminal Law of Venice*.

But, in the meantime, Signor Augusto Bazzoni has published a brief account of these *Annotations* in the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, by the help of which we propose to give English readers a somewhat more accurate account of the Venetian Inquisition, and of its doings, than has hitherto been offered to them.

In the first place, it may be necessary to mention that the Venetian Inquisition had nothing specially to do with religious matters. It was a *State* and not a Church Inquisition. The special object of the tribunal was originally to discover, to prevent, and to punish the traitorous revelation of the State secrets of the Republic to foreigners. This was an evil which the government had frequently reason to deplore, and to contend against. And Commissions of Inquisition, issued for that purpose, are mentioned occasionally from a time shortly subsequent to the establishment of the "Council of Ten." But no such tribunal existed as a permanent institution till the 20th of September, 1539, when the Council of Ten determined on appointing from among its own members a committee of Three, whose special duty it should be to discover and to punish the betrayers of state secrets. The special cause which at that particular time moved the Ten to take this step, was the discovery that five traitors, three of whom were put to death for their crime, had, in the year 1538, given information to the Mussulman of the designs of the Republic. The name of "Inquisitors of State" was not, however, given them till towards the end of the sixteenth century, at which time their attributions and functions were largely increased; and it became their duty to take cognizance of anything whatever that threatened either the external or internal well-being of the State. At the period above mentioned, it had become the practice to select two of the Inquisitors from the body of the Ten, and one from the Ducal Council. The two former were styled "the black Inquisitors," from the colour of the gowns they wore; and the latter, who sat always between the other two, and wore a scarlet gown, was known as "the red Inquisitor." And Signor Bazzoni remarks that the grim contrast of these costumes, and the names to which they gave rise, contributed no little to the terror with which the tribunal was regarded by the Venetian populace.

The proceedings of the Inquisition were conducted according to no rules,* save such as might in some degree grow out of the habitudes of their own court; were always wrapped in profound mystery; were entirely secret both as regarded process and sentence; and were inappellable! If any citizen of any rank of life disappeared, and any inquiry were made respecting him or her by the ordinary officers of justice, it was a fully sufficient answer to all such questions to whisper with bated breath that the individual in question had been arrested by the officer—the "fante," as he was called—of the Three!

It is indeed not surprising that such a tribunal should have been looked upon with terror. And Signor Bazzoni declares that he shuddered as he opened those dread registers, which were to reveal the arbitrary sentences, the despotic proceedings, the poisonings, the executions carried out in the silence of the prison, the mysterious disappearances, of which the terrible Three had been the authors. And great was his surprise in

* And those which Daru affects to give in his unvarnished book are mere fabrications and inventions.

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discovering a course of procedure tolerably regular ; a decided leaning to mildness and moderation in the punishments ; a method of treating the guilty severe indeed, but not cruel ; a disposition to pardon, except in cases of reconviction for the same offence ; and a desire to prevent crimes rather than to punish them, if it were possible. He found, he tells us, but few cases of capital punishment, and as far as his investigations went, but one of death inflicted by poison, and one other in which the tribunal had wished and endeavoured, but had failed to put to death by that means, a culprit who was beyond their reach. Only, says Signor Bazzoni, in matters of state were the Inquisitors more severe than modern notions might deem justifiable ; as when they put to death Alberti, the Secretary of the Republic, for falsifying the Letters Ducal.

It is probable that all that Signor Bazzoni states here is strictly true and accurate. But an Englishman would think that all that is here said would go very little way towards removing the objections he would feel to the existence of such a tribunal. In the first place there is nothing whatever to assure the inquirer that these *Annotations* contain a faithful record of *all* the cases dealt with by the Inquisitors. No sort of control whatsoever existed. Nobody had cognizance of the record save the Three themselves, and their secretary, who became, it would seem, in process of time the most terribly powerful member of the court. On the other hand a cruel severity in dealing with criminals is not the evil of which one would especially expect to find the tribunal to have been guilty. In the case of ordinary crime one would wish to know rather what was the nature of the evidence on which a criminal was found guilty. But it is not to the dealings of the court with ordinary crime at all, that an Englishman's suspicions would more especially point. Here are four men,—the Three and their secretary,—who have wholly irresponsible power over the lives and persons of all the citizens of Venice ; who can put their hand on any man or any woman in the midst of their family and of their daily life, and can cause them to disappear out of it, and never be heard of again. Is it likely that such a power should never have been exercised throughout the long series of years during which it existed, for purposes which had no connection with the repressing of crime ? If it was exercised for any such nameless purposes, is it certain that we should find the record of such cases in the book of these *Annotations* ? There seems, however, to have existed one, and only one circumstance, in connection with the absolute power wielded by the Inquisitor, which may have served as a partial protection against altogether arbitrary violence. It was absolutely necessary that every sentence passed against any person brought before the tribunal should be concurred in by all the three judges. If there were any difference of opinion between them, the matter had to be referred to the Council of Ten. Signor Bazzoni does not mention having met with the record of any case in which that step had to be resorted to. And after all, in so small a body as the Inquisitors were, the "ca' me ca' thee" principle is too sure to be in operation for

this circumstance to have afforded any very valid protection against the possibility of such irresponsible power being used for the purposes of private hatred, or interest, or convenience.

The eighteen volumes of records, or *Annotations*, as they are styled, which have been spoken of, contain the entire history of the tribunal for somewhat more than a century and a half. The first entry in them is dated in January, 1648, and the last the 6th March, 1797, which was just two months and ten days before the troops of France entered Venice "to murder," as Signor Bazzoni says, "a Republic which had lived for fourteen centuries." The first volume of the series extends from 1648 to 1651. In this the entries are exceedingly brief and informal, merely mentioning the nature of each case, without even stating the result of it, as whether the person inculpated was convicted or otherwise, or what punishment was awarded. But the second volume begins with the insertion of a new regulation enacted by the Inquisitors, providing that the records should be kept in a more orderly and full manner. And thenceforward the whole history of each case is satisfactorily given, together with the means which had been adopted by the tribunal for the detection of the guilt of the accused.

This latter portion of the record, as may easily be imagined, is in many instances the most curious and interesting part of the document. The principal means by which the Inquisitors performed the functions entrusted to them was the employment of a vast number of "*confidants*" — *confidenti*, persons whose occupation would, as Signor Bazzoni remarks, at the present day cause them to be called *spies*. It was the object of the Inquisition to have these *confidants* in every class of society, among noble men and noble ladies, among clergy and among monks and nuns, among servants of families, and the lowest as well as the highest classes of the body social. The persons thus employed by the tribunal received a regular stipend; and we find cases in which they were suddenly turned adrift because they did nothing, or because the communications made by them to their employers were frivolous and useless. There are also cases on record in which these confidential agents were detected in abusing the confidence of the tribunal by wittingly false information; and this was a delinquency which called forth all the severity of the "Three."

It is a satisfactory and a curious proof of the progressive improvement in the general tone of moral sentiment and manners, that during the later period of its existence the tribunal experienced a constantly increasing difficulty in finding a sufficient supply of suitable persons to undertake the office of *confidant* to the Inquisition. In a report made to his superiors by the secretary on the 1st of October, 1792, that functionary laments the great deficiency of proper agents, more especially in the upper classes of society, which had reached such a pitch that among the nobles there remained to the tribunal only one single person, "*il nobil uomo Girolamo M. Barossi*." We are not aware whether there are sons or grandsons of this excellent nobleman still living at Venice; but if there

are, they will hardly thank Signor Bazzoni for the researches which have revealed a fact which the noble Girolamo assuredly thought would never be known on this side of the day of judgment!

Although the Inquisitors trusted almost wholly to their confidants for the information necessary to them in the discharge of their functions, they did not by any means refuse to receive and listen to any person whatever, who came to them with any communication. And the following case, very considerably abridged from the report of it in the *Annotations*, will give an instance of their practice in this respect, as well as furnish some illustrations of their modes of procedure in other respects. The record is dated the 19th June, 1763.

An important robbery of cash and precious stones to a large amount had been committed in the house of the Ambassador of Spain. And the ordinary police authorities had, despite their utmost efforts, utterly failed in accomplishing anything towards either the recovery of the property or the discovery of the thief. In these circumstances the Ambassador petitioned the Inquisitors, to see whether they could effect what had been found utterly beyond the power of the other magistracies. The Inquisitors took the matter in hand. And very shortly after they had done so, they received the visit of a nun, who, speaking from beneath her cowl, said that there was a person who would undertake to reveal to the tribunal the spot where all the stolen property would be found buried on three conditions. 1st. That the reward of an hundred zequins, promised by the Spanish Ambassador, should be paid to the person who should point to the property. 2nd. That the name of the person who should give the information should be kept inviolably secret. 3rd. That the person in whose house the property should be found should have a free pardon. These conditions were accepted; and apparently no other guarantee for the observance of them, beyond the simple word of the Inquisitors, was required. Thereupon an individual came forward, who privately indicated to an officer of the "Three" a certain spot in the floor of the shop of a blacksmith, which was within the limits of the exemption from jurisdiction enjoyed by the palace of the Spanish Ambassador himself. All the residences of the ambassadors and other ministers of foreign governments enjoyed in those days, as is well known, this infinitely mischievous and continually abused right of exemption from the visits and all the operations of the civil and criminal tribunals of the country. But, although this was a perfectly recognized and undisputed fact, it very specially suited the views of the "Three," to have an opportunity of acting before the eyes of the populace in a manner which should appear to show that neither this privilege nor anything else could be an impediment to the omnipotent and ubiquitous action of their dread power. So the secretary of the tribunal went privately to the Ambassador and told him that all his property would be restored to him by the action of the Inquisition, upon condition that he would waive all right or question of the exemption of his own dwelling from their operations. This having been arranged, the

tribunal paused a little while. And then suddenly one day their "fante," in his well-known costume, accompanied by the "capitano grande," or chief officer of the executive, with forty men, marched straight to the spot, and pointing, said to his men, "Dig there!" Of course the treasure was found, to the infinite stupor and admiration of the crowd, who were more than ever convinced of the omnipotent power and omniscience of the terrible "Three!" The blacksmith, however, was arrested and carried before the Inquisitors. He pleaded the pardon bargained for, and his plea was allowed. But, said his judges, though you are pardoned for the crime of having concealed this stolen property in your dwelling, there is no pardon for him who refuses to answer to the utmost of his knowledge the questions put to him by the Inquisition. And we now require of you the name of the thief who abstracted the property from the Ambassador's house. The blacksmith replied that nothing could be further from him than the absurd idea of concealing anything from the "Three;" and he forthwith gave them all the details of the robbery, in such sort as to leave no possible doubt of the truth of his assertion, that he himself was the sole perpetrator of it! And thereupon, in accordance with their pledged word, he was at once liberated. The Ambassador, however, seeing the blacksmith thus arrested and almost immediately set at liberty again, made application to the secretary of the "Three," stating "in very resolute terms" his determination to know who the thief was, as he was thus left with the fear that the guilty person might have been one of his own household. And certainly the demand was not an unreasonable one. But the only reply he got from the "Three" was, that the Inquisition never rendered, and never would render any account whatever of its doings to any human being; that he might rest assured that what had been done was just and right; that he would be duly warned if his security in any way required it; but that he would never know anything more as to the person who had robbed him, or the facts which had taken place.

Venice, during the whole period of her existence as an independent Republic, was a great place for diplomacy. The ambassadors which the Queen of the Adriatic sent into all countries were, for the most part, masters in their profession, as their recently published *Relazioni* abundantly testify; and all the States in Europe maintained diplomatic agents of higher or lower rank in Venice. And secrecy was supposed by all these diplomatists to be the very *sine qua non* and mainspring of their craft. To hide, and to discover; to deceive and to avoid being deceived; to know something which rivals had not found out; to spin elaborate webs for the entanglement of this or the other adversary, and the veiling of this or that carefully dissembled purpose: this was the game at which all the diplomatists in Europe were constantly playing. And Venice, which, at least in her later days, was a member of the European family, necessarily constrained to trust for the holding of its own more to the adroitness of its policy than to the force of its arms, was more than ordinarily jealous of the secrets of its diplomacy, and more vehemently bent than the rest on

knowing the hidden purposes of others, while keeping its own impenetrably in the dark. Nevertheless, from the constitution of the Republic, it inevitably came to pass that the State secrets of Venice were known to a larger number of her citizens than was generally the case in the monarchies which were her contemporaries. Hence it came to pass that the safe keeping of such secrets was, especially during the latter centuries of the Republic's existence, one of the most eagerly and carefully pursued objects of the State's solicitude. At the same time it was unfortunately found that the difficulties of attaining this object became greater as time went on. The nobles, whose position in the Republic made them members of the governing body, and depositaries of State secrets, had been all, and always in the flourishing days of Venice, men whose vast wealth, constantly poured in from argosies on every sea, was more than equal to the lavish expenditure necessitated by a splendour of living, which at all times specially characterized Venice, and distinguished her from her sister—particularly from the Tuscan—Republics. But in the latter times of Venice this was no longer the case. The habitudes of magnificence and lavish expenditure remained, but the sources of the wealth, which was needed for the supply of them, had become dried up. Hence it came to pass that there were numbers of men of high rank and great name who were in distressed and embarrassed circumstances, who were constantly on the look-out for some possible means of eking out incomes no longer sufficient for the calls upon them. And State secrets in those days were very merchantable articles, and bidders for them were at hand ready to compete with each other for purchase of them. Under these circumstances it became a matter of ceaseless anxiety to the Government, and an important part of the duty of the Inquisitors, to make all dealing in such articles impossible. And laws which, to our notions, appear to be of almost incredibly arbitrary severity, were enacted to provide against the evil; and the execution of them was entrusted wholly to the tribunal of the Inquisition.

Among these laws was one which made it illegal for any Venetian man of patrician rank to visit at the house of any Minister of a foreign Power, or to receive any such Minister in his house, or even to consort with him or any members of his family in any way! And one great part of the business of the "Three" consisted, especially in the later days of the Republic, in watching and spying with sleepless vigilance to prevent the contravention of an ordinance so difficult to be enforced. One can understand, that however desirable a *séjour* at Venice may have been in other respects, such a law as this, together with the means and provisions necessary for the enforcing of it, must have had the effect of making the position of the foreign Ministers accredited to the Republic not a pleasant one in a social point of view.

Here are one or two instances of the steps taken by the tribunal for attaining the above-mentioned object:—

On the 18th January, 1676, the Baron de Passis received a summons to present himself before the Inquisitors. The Baron was not by birth a

Venetian subject; but he resided in Venice, and was connected by ties of relationship with several noble families. Now it seems that there were two doors of communication between the house inhabited by him and the dwelling adjoining it, which latter was occasionally frequented by the Spanish Ambassador. The Baron was warned that, Venetian or not, he must rigorously abstain from all communication whatever with any foreign Minister, and must *immediately wall up* the doors of communication above mentioned; in all which respects he promised accurate obedience.

On the 11th of May, 1707, the noble Alvise Barbaro was called before the "Three." Ignorant that he had offended in any way, he obeyed the terrible intimation with much surprise and no little alarm. The matter was this. The Duchess of Bavaria was then residing at Venice, and this young nobleman had been seen on more than one occasion walking up and down before the palace inhabited by her. But this surely contravened no law. And therefore he was not punished but only warned. He ought to have known the duty of a Venetian noble better. The palace of the Duchess was frequented by sundry of the foreign Ministers, and other foreigners of high rank. Let him take care for the future to give no ground for suspicion that any acquaintanceship existed between him and people of that sort. And so the young man is allowed to retire. A very short time elapses, however, before he is again brought before the tribunal, and is this time walked off to a solitary prison under the "Piombi!" What was his fault? He had never entered the palace of the Duchess of Bavaria, or even repeated those walkings before it, which had been objected to. Could he deny that he had been in conversation with certain of the maids of the Duchess? or that he had had an interview with the Duchess herself at the nunnery of the Capucines? So after four-and-twenty hours under the "Piombi," he was then sent in the custody of the "fanti" of the tribunal to Brescia, with a letter to the captain of the fortress there, directing him to keep Alvise Barbaro a close prisoner till further orders. And he seems to have been detained there and in other fortresses of the Republic for several years. Now in this case, as Signor Bazzoni remarks, there can be little doubt that it was a love-intrigue which led the unlucky Alvise to dare the consequences of disobeying the formidable "Three." But let what may have been the motive, it was to the tribunal a matter of first-rate importance to secure at all hazards implicit obedience to their commands.

On the 9th of January, 1764, the patrician Andrea Memmo went spontaneously to the secretary of the Inquisition and confessed to him that the wife of the Minister of the Emperor of Austria had offered him her good offices in the affair of "the Mantuan Post-office;" that subsequently she had sent him a letter by an unknown hand, to which he had replied by the same means. He handed to the Inquisitors a copy of the lady's letter, not being able to furnish them with the original, inasmuch as he had been required to send it back to her. Also he laid before them a copy of the answer he had sent back. The tribunal at once declared

that the matter was of extreme gravity in every point of view; and informed the culprit that, very fortunately for him, his spontaneous confession had, as it happened, reached them a few hours previously to information of the whole matter which had come into their hands from other sources. It was pointed out to the offender that he had been guilty of a very grave dereliction of duty in speaking even to the wife of an ambassador on a public matter, without at once giving information of the circumstance to the tribunal. To receive and read a letter was even more heinous; and, worst of all, the answering it. Nevertheless the "Three," taking into consideration the circumstance that any strong step (*passo risoluto*) on their part might lead to unpleasant consequences as regarded the Ambassador, and at the same time willing to give the culprit the benefit of his spontaneous confession, contented themselves with administering a serious lecture on the heinousness of the offence, and strictly forbidding him ever to come near the lady in question or any of her family, even in church, or on occasions of public festivals. The tribunal would have its never-sleeping eye on him, and the slightest deviation from its commands would be followed by the severest castigation.

The cases which have been here mentioned would alone suffice to show that all that the popular guide-books and histories say as to the period since which the prisons of the Inquisition have been disused is incorrect. It is singular that such writers as Sagredo (*Venezia e le sue Lagune*) and Romanin (*Storia documentata di Venezia*) should fall into the error of asserting that the "Pozzi" were never used in the last century of the Republic, or, as some even assert, after the Interdict of Paul V. A glance at the *Annotations* now brought to light suffices to show the error of all such statements. But, as Signor Bazzoni observes, the extreme secrecy and mystery with which the tribunal surrounded their proceedings may account for the mistakes of the older writers, while those of the moderns must be attributed to the undoubting trust with which they copied their predecessors. It is needless to refer to the many passages of the *Annotations* which would show the above statements to be erroneous: for the following return of the prisoners then in confinement, taken from the *Annotations* for 1775, settles the question. There were then imprisoned—

In the "Piombi" one prisoner.

In the "Pozzi" four prisoners.

In certain prisons called the "Camerotti della quattro," thirty-three prisoners.

In the prisons on *terra-firma*, five prisoners.

In the galleys, fourteen prisoners.

It can scarcely be necessary to describe to anybody the "Piombi" and the "Pozzi." Who has not visited them? Signor Bazzoni states that his study of the records of the Inquisition has not enabled him to discover what considerations guided the Inquisitors in deciding to which of these celebrated prisons each convict should be sent. He conjectures that the most troublesome and violent may probably have been consigned

to the "Pozzi." Doubtless it has appeared to most of those who have visited these famous places of punishment, that the "Pozzi" were by far the most terrible. To the imagination they are so certainly. The very imperfect light, the idea of the locality, the utter silence, with the exception of the dull, melancholy, and monotonous clapping of the waters of the canal against the walls, may seem far worse to the imagination than the abundant daylight of the "Piombi." In either case the prisoner's cell consisted of a very small chamber, entirely of massive and thoroughly dry wood. But no one, who is not well acquainted with the effect of an Italian sun beating on a roof, when there is no sufficient space between it and the chamber in which one is to live, can realize to himself what the effect of living under those "Piombi" in summer must have been. On the other hand there are three or four cases of escape from the "Piombi" on record; but there is, I believe, no recorded instance of any prisoner having escaped from the horrible *bolgia* of those "Pozzi."

The punishments awarded by the Inquisitors of Venice were: death inflicted secretly in the prison; imprisonment either in the "Piombi," the "Pozzi," or the less terrible prisons called the "Camerotti;" condemnation to the galleys for life or for a term of years; confinement to the offender's own house in Venice, or more frequently to his country residence; and, lastly, exile from the city of Venice, or from the entire territory of the Republic, either for life or for a term of years. The systematic secrecy and mystery in which the Inquisition sedulously involved all its proceedings gave rise to the popularly received opinion that its condemnations were pronounced not only arbitrarily, but with the summary suddenness of a thunder-clap; and that they were of the most terrible description, dealing habitually with torture and poison. Arbitrary its method of proceeding assuredly was, as has been sufficiently explained. Sudden or reckless it certainly was not; and no length of inquiry was too great for the investigating patience of the tribunal, though the result was often made purposely to appear sudden to the offender. No evidence is to be found in the whole series of the *Annotations* that torture was ever practised by the Inquisition. With regard to the use of poison there are a few sufficiently curious entries.

Under the date 30th May, 1643, there is a note of the secretary, recording that one Pasin Pasini brought specimens of various poisons, which he offered to the Inquisitors with a view to their use among the hostile troops with whom the forces of the Republic were then engaged. It does not seem that his offer was rejected; yet neither does it appear that the scheme was carried into effect. For the secretary notes that subsequently all these poisons were by him collected together and placed "in the ordinary cupboard of their Eminences the Inquisitors."

In June, 1646, the Governor of Dalmatia sent to the Inquisitors to ask them to furnish him with poison for the purpose of poisoning the wells for the destruction of the Turks. The Inquisitors, as the record declares, sent him a thousand pounds of arsenic for this purpose. And

it is declared that the poison reached the Governor's hands duly. But whether it was used or no, there is no record to show.

More than a hundred years later, under the date of December 17, 1755, the secretary inserts in the records the following note:—

"Notice having been drawn to the fact that the poisonous substances kept for the service of the tribunal were scattered about among the presses of papers, so as to cause a danger of accident; and moreover, that many of these substances have become bad by lapse of time; and further, that with regard to many of them, neither the nature of them nor the proper dose is now known: Therefore their Eminences, minded to regularize so delicate a matter in such sort as is needful for the service of the tribunal and for safety, have ordered all things of this kind to be kept in a separate box, with a book in it, that shall explain the nature and the proper dose of every article, and which shall be thus registered for the enlightenment of their successors.

(Signed)	" ANDREA DA SEZZE,	} "Inquisitors of State."
	" FRANCISCO BALBO,	
	" PIERO BARBARIGO,	

Is not the picture suggested by this entry a strange and curious one? Think of the packets and bottles of various kinds of poison lying about among the papers in the room of the Palazzo Ducale, occupied by the Inquisitors till it had been forgotten what they were, and all about them! It would at all events seem clear that they were not often used. Still the "Three" are far from any idea of abandoning the use of such things. They put them all into a box by themselves, with a pharmacopeia that shall duly instruct their successors in the use of these agents on occasion arising. There is a sort of naïveté about the whole entry which is very surprising.

A few years after this, it would seem that recourse was had to the newly arranged poison-box, on an occasion which is the last instance in which the use of poison is mentioned in the *Annotations*. An entry, dated September 26, 1768, records that information had recently reached the Inquisitors that a strange and unknown personage had made his appearance in Dalmatia and Albania, who announced himself as a law-giver both in politics and religion—called himself Peter the Third, Czar of Muscovy—and, in short, stirred up the minds of the people, got a party of adherents around him, and was giving rise to disturbances. Thereupon the Inquisitors sent the most stringent orders—"le più robuste commissioni"—to the Governor of Dalmatia to take immediate steps to ensure that this dangerous impostor should be removed out of the world—"tolto dal mondo"—in the most cautious manner possible, and by the most hidden and secret means that could be devised. The Governor, however, despite the "robustness" of these orders, failed to find any means of getting rid of the obnoxious impostor. Whereupon the Inquisitors deliver a bottle of poison to one Count Zorzi Cadich Cornetta, who undertook to proceed to Dalmatia and accomplish the desired result. Cornetta, however, succeeded no better than the Governor, and returning to Venice, gave

back the bottle he had received to the "Three." And that is the last mention of poison that occurs in the record.

Most of the cases of condemnation to death appear to have been occasioned by ordinary crimes of a nature that would have been similarly visited by the criminal code of any contemporary nation. In some cases indeed the Inquisition seems to have been specially lenient, since we meet with cases of wilful murder punished by imprisonment for twenty years. But there is one case which so curiously illustrates the maxims of Venetian State policy, and gives so singular an idea of the nature of the circumstances which were deemed to justify the taking away of a life, that we must give it as the last of our extracts from these curious records.

The entry is dated May 29, 1755.

A certain Mattio Pirona had left Venice without the authorisation of the Government and had betaken himself to Triest. He was by trade a "cavafongo," literally a mud excavator, as we should say a "navvy," or a contractor for the execution of such works. This man being at Triest contracted there to execute a canal, which, by opening a communication from the port to the interior of the city, would be of great benefit to the commerce of Triest. The tribunal therefore, "considering that everything which might facilitate the commerce of that city would turn to the disadvantage of the commerce of Venice," addressed to Pirona repeated orders to abandon the work he had undertaken and return to Venice, where a full pardon awaited him, besides other advantageous proposals. Instead, however, of obeying these commands, Pirona endeavoured to engage other Venetians to join him in his undertaking, and, when it turned out that the canal did not wholly answer the purpose for which it was intended, himself planned and set to work on the execution of a second. "But so great and so traitorous offences on the part of a subject moving their Eminences to just indignation, they determined to consider this matter as an affair of State, and decided to attempt the chastisement of the culprit as a warning to other subjects." Therefore they despatched one Gelfino Versa, "a person well tried in other important executions of a like nature," with orders to find the means of "taking out of the world such a fellow as this Pirona, guilty of crime against the State." The price of the service entrusted to this emissary was fixed at two hundred and sixty zeqins, sixty to be paid in advance, and two hundred when the job was done!

We had purposed adding some gleanings respecting those two curious points in the history of the Inquisition, the "Confidants" employed by it, and the recorded cases of escape from its prisons. But the length to which this paper has already run makes it impossible to do so on the present occasion. Possibly some future opportunity may be found for treating these parts of the subject.

Our Iron-clad Navy.

It is now nearly ten years since we took occasion to furnish a brief description of the first efforts made to reconstruct our navy, in consequence of the growing appreciation of iron as a means of defence. In the February number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1861, we gave an account of two of the earliest specimens of iron-clad ships, illustrated by faithful sketches of the two rival specimens, *La Gloire*, built by the French Government, and the *Warrior*, built by our own. From the time of King Alfred, when England first became alive to the necessity of acquiring the supremacy of the seas, to the time of Elizabeth, when that supremacy was so gallantly and successfully asserted, and on to later days, when, under the Howes, the Nelsons, and Collingwoods, it was so triumphantly vindicated, the nation has ever watched with the utmost jealousy every advance in naval architecture, and eagerly adopted every improvement, feeling assured that our country's greatness would be in danger if once our naval predominance were allowed to decline. And thus it happened that when the French Government challenged us, as it were, by the construction of *La Gloire*, we responded at once ably, energetically, and successfully by the production of the *Warrior*, a ship which, judged by the times, certainly had no compeer afloat. But since then so many great improvements have been made in the construction and armaments of war-ships, that the *Warrior* and similar vessels are now reduced almost to the level of harmlessness that the wooden ships were remitted to on the launching of the first iron-clad. Yet the sequel proves that the *Warrior* was a worthy promise of what ships England could produce, when called upon to maintain her power and glory on the seas.

No doubt the practical and decisive impulse was given in the reconstruction of the world's navies, by the breaking out of the civil war in America, for it was then that iron-clads first exhibited their true power, though only in a limited degree. No doubt most of us can remember the consternation created throughout the Federal fleet on the occasion of a rudely-constructed Southern iron-clad spreading destruction around it. And later still, our attention was directed to the full power of the modern fighting-ship when, during the Austro-Italian war, one of the finest iron-clads of the Italian navy was sent to the bottom in a few minutes, on being rammed by the iron-clad flag-ship of the Austrian navy. Perhaps there has never been any period of history when the reconstruction of navies has been so complete and so rapid as during the last ten years. *La Gloire* and the *Warrior*, originally considered hosts in them-

selves, now occupy but second or third-rate positions when compared with the modern iron-clad. A recent sad event has very completely roused the national interest in our war-ships; it is, therefore, proposed to furnish a brief account of our iron-clads, in order that more general acquaintance may prevail relative to the fleet which, up to a recent period, has cost us nearly nine millions sterling. We do not intend entering into any of the controversial points now being so zealously discussed; we wish simply to consider the subject of the construction of the ships, their armaments, and general qualities, quite independently of the comparative merits or demerits of the turret or broadside system. Nor shall we enter too deeply into technical details, for by so doing we should deprive these remarks of their popular character.

In considering our modern iron-clads, it will be hardly necessary, except in the briefest manner, to refer to the earliest rude specimen of this class of ships; for it must be familiar to almost all our readers, that, during the Crimean war, certain iron-clad floating batteries were built, simply for the protection of our harbours. It was not until some years afterwards that the first *bond fide* iron-clad was launched. The *Warrior* presented no very marked external peculiarities when compared with the ship of the day; but from that time, slowly but surely, the alteration of form and general appearance has been carried out. For instance, the stem of the modern iron-clad is far different in shape and effective construction from that of the earlier class, for the simple reason that since it has become one of the established tactics of naval warfare to "use the ship itself as a projectile," it was necessary to strengthen and modify that part of her which receives the whole force of the blow when an attempt is made to ram the enemy. Again, the form of the stern has been modified so as to afford the greatest protection to the rudder-head. For now that "ramming" is likely to be a serious and effective mode of attack, it is of vital importance that a ship should be protected securely and able to manœuvre so readily as to evade the crushing blow. But besides these leading points of difference, there are others of almost equal importance. In the earlier iron-clad there was uniform thickness of iron simply shielding a certain portion of the ship's side, leaving the bow and stern comparatively unprotected. In later-built ships this armour has been carried all round the vessel, and instead of being of one uniform thickness, is of greatest substance over the vital parts of the ship. Again, in the *Warrior* class only broadside fire was attainable, but in more recent constructions this has been supplemented by bow and stern fire of greater or less extent. Another most important difference is that modern iron-clads have, in the place of a large number of comparatively small guns, say 68-pounders, a concentrated battery of very much heavier artillery; for instance, the *Hercules* has eight 18-ton guns, throwing 400 lbs. shot. A further point of difference is the proportionate length of the vessels now built; this is much less than formerly, since it is found by experience that the shorter ship is far more handy than one of great

length, such as the *Warrior* or *Northumberland*, both of which, when compared with the *Bellerophon*, are much less under control. And, as we before remarked, since ramming has come into practice, it is of the utmost importance that a ship should be of such proportions as may best enable her to defeat that mode of attack. The introduction of the "twin-screw" is another modification, which is likely to be of considerable advantage, from its affording much greater facilities in manœuvring a ship. We lastly come to the important difference in the thickness of the armour. For instance, in the *Warrior* we had but $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of plating; the *Bellerophon* has 6 inches; *Hercules*, 9 inches; *Hotspur*, 11 inches; that on the sides of the Monitor *Glatton* is 12 inches; and the Monitors *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, now building, will have 12 and 14 inches of armour, respectively. This enormous increase in resisting capacity is, of course, due to the increased penetrating power of modern guns. The *Warrior's* target was safe at 200 yards when fired at by the old 68-pounder, $4\frac{3}{4}$ -ton gun; but now we have guns of $6\frac{1}{2}$ -tons, throwing a shot of 115 lbs., which would pierce that ship's side at 500 yards; 12-ton guns, which would do so at 2,000 yards; and 25-ton guns, that would, without doubt, penetrate any iron-clad afloat (before the *Hercules* was launched), at 4,000 yards; while the *Thunderer* and *Devastation* will carry guns of 30 tons, throwing shot of upwards of 600 lbs. in weight. Hence we can well understand why so immense and rapid an increase in the thickness of armour plates has been necessary. It will, perhaps, be interesting to our readers to know the comparative resisting power of the earlier iron-clads and those of more modern date. In their last Report the Iron-Plate Committee arrived at the inference that, with plates of equal quality, the resisting power might be approximately considered proportional to the squares of the thickness. Thus the strength of the

Warrior's	armour is about	20
Bellerophon's	"	36
Hercules' (belt)	"	81
Hotspur's	"	121
Glatton's and Thunderer's (12-in)	"	144
" " (turret)	"	196

In other words,—

The Bellerophon's armour is about	twice	the strength of the Warrior's.
The Hercules'	"	four times " " "
The Hotspur's	"	six " " " "
Glatton's and Thunderer's	"	seven " " " "
" " (turrets)	"	ten " " " "

The reader can now appreciate the great progress that has been made both in the structure and armament of our national bulwarks—"wooden walls" no longer; we will therefore proceed to consider their construction more in detail. It is a pretty well known fact that when the "armour-clad" principle was decided upon for our war-ships of the future, iron also, in a much greater proportion than heretofore, took the place of

wood in the formation of the hull ; and there can be little doubt that the structural arrangements of our ships have been greatly improved in consequence. True, we have still in our navy, a certain number of wood-built iron-clads (if we may be excused the expression), but these are chiefly converted ships,—for instance, the *Caledonia* class, the *Royal Sovereign*, and others ; viz., *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, and *Pallas*, which latter three were built with wooden hulls, partly in consequence of the large stores of material in our dockyards. Iron, however, has become almost entirely substituted for wood, since by its use greatly increased structural advantage is secured—viz., the combination of strength with lightness. Now, as the capacity of a ship to carry enormous weights greatly depends on the exterior form and weight of hull, it is evident that if we are able to retain the form with greater strength, and yet with considerable reduction in the weight of material used, no small advantage is gained. This aim is accomplished in substituting iron and steel for wood ; for with these materials we obtain a maximum of strength and capacity, with, at the same time, a minimum of weight, consequently the greatest carrying power obtainable in a ship of the given bulk. Our mercantile marine is a striking proof of what may be done by the judicious introduction of iron in ship-building. In our navy it is of much greater importance ; for by reducing the weight of hull, we are enabled to increase the thickness of armour and weight of armament. For instance, let an iron-clad be of 6,000 tons displacement, if wood built, the hull would weigh nearly 3,000 tons ; but let iron be substituted, and the hull would not weigh so much by nearly 500 tons. Thus we should be at liberty to increase the load by that difference, and we might either add to the thickness of armour or increase the weight of guns. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the iron hull will be of considerably greater strength than that built of wood. Another advantage attending the use of iron is that there is little or no “working,” as it is technically called when a ship is strained by rolling or pitching at sea. In wooden ships it is impossible to avoid this working, but in iron ships, properly constructed, it is almost impossible for it practically to occur. Besides, it may be reasonably concluded that it would be difficult to use wood for the hull when we consider the thickness of armour which some of our iron-clads carry. On the other hand, it must be admitted there are serious disadvantages in using iron, one of the most important of which is the rapidity with which the bottoms of iron ships are liable to foul. To so serious an extent does this often occur, that it is not infrequent to find a falling off in the speed of a ship of more than two knots an hour. Up to the present time this great evil has baffled the utmost efforts of leading scientific men. Many ingenious methods have been tried, but with doubtful results, and the problem yet remains to be solved. In spite of this great disadvantage, the iron structure must ever hold the higher position : let us only consider the point of durability. It is calculated that a wooden ship, ere her period of service has expired, incurs expenses for repairs far exceeding the original

cost of the vessel. But with our iron-clads it is far different—at least, if we may draw any conclusion after more than ten years' experience. With regard to general safety, the cellular principle now adopted in most of our iron-clads affords great security against the popular dread of their foundering. Besides this cellular system, the hold itself is divided into several water-tight compartments, thus not only securing the ship against sinking, but also making it practically impossible to succumb to the action of fire. And, finally, it is this method of constructing our iron-clads wholly of *iron* that really gives us the advantage over those Continental powers who have relied upon wooden-built hulls.

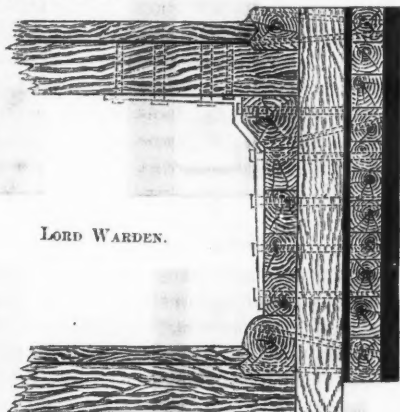
We will now proceed to consider the important subject of the armour of war-ships, which constitutes the chief characteristic of modern navies.

SECTIONS OF INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF ENGLISH
IRON-CLADS.

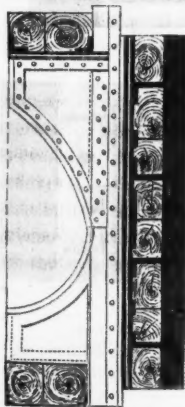
WARRIOR.



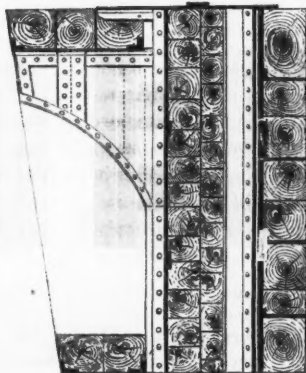
LORD WARDEN.



BELLEROPHON.

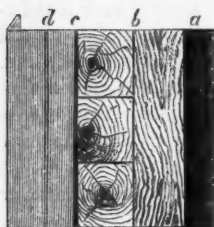


HERCULES.

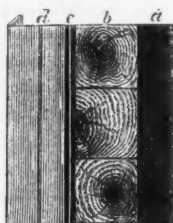


SECTIONS OF THE SIDES OF IRON-CLADS.

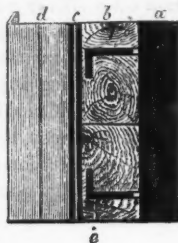
BLACK PRINCE.



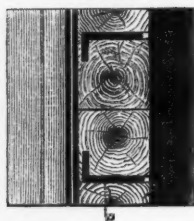
MINOTAUR.



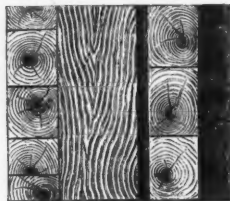
BELLEROPHON.



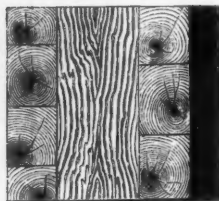
CAPTAIN.



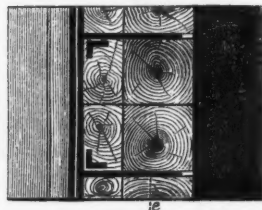
LORD WARDEN.



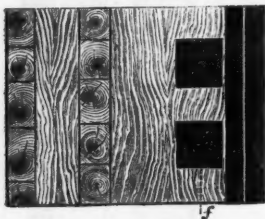
CALEDONIA.



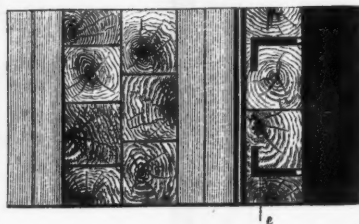
DEVASTATION.



KALAMAZOO.



HERCULES.



a IRON ARMOUR.
 b TEAK BACKING.
 c INNER IRON-SKIN.
 d PERPENDICULAR IRON GIRDERS, &c.

e LONGITUDINAL GIRDERS.
 f LONGITUDINAL IRON-STRINGERS,
 AS USED IN AMERICAN IRON-
 CLADS.

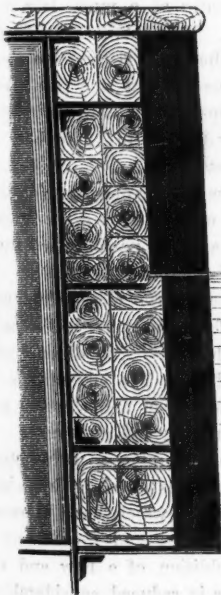
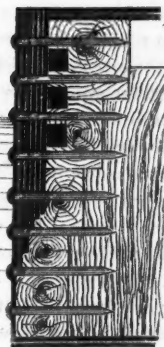
The reader is doubtless aware, that in the construction of iron-clads, there is always placed behind the armour a greater or less thickness of wood-backing. In our latest ships this wood-backing has been considerably reduced, while the inner skin, between which and the armour the wood-backing is placed, has been increased in thickness. In the earlier ships, the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, and *Valiant*, the 4½-inch armour is backed by 18 inches of teak, which, with the skin plating, made a total thickness of material of about 23 inches. In the converted ships of the *Caledonia* class, the armour is attached to the outside of the planking of an ordinary ship, the total thickness in this case being about 35 inches. But in course of time it was considered an improvement to reduce the thickness of the backing, and increase that of the armour. Thus, in the ships of the *Minotaur* class, we find the armour of 5½ inches in thickness, and the teak-backing only 9 inches; and though there is but half the thickness of backing, still, these ships' sides are of equal resisting power with those of the *Warrior* class. In the *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden*, we have a modification of the *Caledonia* class, inasmuch as these two vessels are rendered considerably stronger by the introduction of a 1½-inch iron skin between the outside planking and the timbers, thus really increasing the thickness of metal to over 6 inches. In the *Bellerophon* we see a marked improvement made, when compared with ships of an earlier date, for instead of ½-inch as the thickness of the inner skin, we find it increased to 1½ inches, the wood-backing being 10 inches, and the armour increased to 6 inches. This was regarded as one of the most efficient kinds of defence; yet improvement still went on, and we find that in all vessels built since the *Bellerophon*, another and more effective mode of supporting and strengthening the backing has been adopted, by the introduction between the skin of the ship and the armour, of longitudinal iron girders at intervals of 2 feet, which, in conjunction with the vertical framing of the ship, immensely increases its defensive power. Having thus secured the most efficient form of support for the armour, we soon find the latter greatly increased in thickness. The turret-ship *Monarch* has 7 inches of armour on the chief parts of her hull, with a 12-inch backing and an inner skin of 1½ inches. The ill-fated *Captain* had 8 instead of 7 inches of armour. The ships of the *Invincible* class have armour varying from 6 to 8 inches, backed with teak of from 8 to 10 inches, and with 1½-inch skin plating. In the *Hercules* the present maximum thickness of armour for sea-going ships is attained; she has 9 inches at the water-line, with 8 inches on most important parts of her broadside, and 6 inches on the remainder, the whole being backed with teak of from 10 to 12 inches, and a skin plating of 1½ inches. But this does not accurately show the full resisting power of this splendid iron-clad, for in certain vital parts there is added an extra teak backing, with an additional iron skin of ¾ inch in thickness, this in turn being supported by vertical frames of 7 inches in depth. In fine, the total thickness of material in this ship is as follows:—iron, 11½ inches, 9 inches being

in one thickness; the teak-backing having a total thickness of 40 inches at the water-line. A target representing this ship's side proved itself virtually impenetrable to a 600-pounder shot. In short, this noble specimen of naval architecture may fairly challenge any ship afloat. Yet we are almost in the infancy of this modern system of ship building,—judging, at least, from what we are led to expect from those who are qualified to give an opinion; for in the turret-ships *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, we have 11 and 12 inches of armour. Ships for sea-going purposes have been designed to carry 15 inches of armour; and the Admiralty are in possession of designs for a turret-ship with sides plated with 15 inches, and turrets with 18 inches of armour. Nor do we even stop here, for the late Chief Constructor of the Navy prepared outline designs of ships to carry 20 inches of armour both on broadside and turrets. The battle of guns *versus* armour seems as far from a settlement as ever; it is not unreasonable to expect that ere many years have elapsed we shall have the 100-ton gun mounted behind 5 feet thickness of armour; for the word “impossible” seems not to be known in the scientific dictionary.

Whilst considering our own iron-clads, we will briefly compare them with those of the French and American navies. In the French, we find the *La Gloire* class and the *Magenta* and *Solferino*; these vessels have $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armour on ordinary wooden hulls. The *Couronne's* armour is similar to that of the *Warrior*, she being an iron-built frigate. All the small wooden floating batteries of the *Palestro* class have likewise $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armour. The remaining floating batteries are iron-built, and have about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of plating. The frigates of the *Flandre* and *Taureau* class carry armour of about 6 inches on wooden hulls. The corvettes and second-rate frigates of the *Alma* class have from 4 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armour. The vessels of the *Marengo* class (corresponding to our *Invincible*) have about $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches of armour at the water-line, and about 6 and 4 inches at other parts; and the rams of the *Belier* class have more than 8 inches, the thickest armour carried by any French vessel yet launched. The weakness of the French ships consists in their armour being simply secured to the wooden hull, *no inner skin-plating or girders being used*—a point of most vital importance, as has been proved by actual experiment; for armour, simply backed by wood, has nothing like the resisting power obtained when that wood-backing is itself supported by the thin skin-plating now generally used in our ships, and which forms what is technically called the “rigid backing,” to distinguish it from the simple wood-backing of the *Caledonia* class.

In the American navy we find what is called the “laminated” system, very largely adopted, which has been proved to be decidedly the weakest. For instance, experiments have shown that whilst a 4-inch solid plate would be an effective protection against a certain projectile, 6 inches of laminated armour—that is, six plates of 1 inch in thickness—would be easily penetrated. Another disadvantage in the laminated system is, that it requires more fastenings than does a solid plate of equal thickness.

True, the wood-backing used in the laminated system is of greater thickness than that in the English ships; still the structure of the latter vessels, as regards the backing and girders, is proved to be of far greater resisting power. Moreover, on our own ships the principle of armour-fastening has been carefully studied, and is of a superior description. The laminated system was adopted in the American navy in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining plates of the requisite thickness; for when the American iron-clads were first called into existence, there were not in that country any iron works capable of producing plates of so great thickness. However, attempts were made to compensate for this defect by introducing what were termed "armour stringers," portions of iron several inches in breadth and thickness, which extended the whole length of the ship behind the armour. But even this system did not create the resisting power of the solid plate. In the sketch of the *Kalamazoo* in page 60 these "stringers" are plainly shown. In speaking thus of the American system of armour plating, we do not mean to imply that the armour-clad which

THUNDERER, *English.*DICTATOR, *American.*

Drawn on the same scale, and showing the extent of armour below the water-line.

has two 4½-inch plates in place of one 9-inch, is very greatly inferior, for such is not the case, there being but little difference in the resisting

capacity of the two systems here represented : indeed, Colonel Jervois, in an interesting paper on "Coast Defences," states that "experiments have shown that the resistance to penetration of thick solid plates is not so much greater than those of an equal thickness made up of several layers of comparatively thin plates." To conclude our notice of the American iron-clads we will briefly enumerate the most important. First comes the far-famed *Monitor*, which was protected by five layers of 1-inch plates from 4 to 3 feet below the water-line, with a wood backing of 27 inches, bolted to a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch skin-plating. The *Passaic* class had the same thickness of armour, with an addition of 12 inches to the wood-backing. The *Canonicus* class have the same thickness of armour, but supported by the "armour stringers" before named, and backed with 27 inches of wood. The *Puritan* and *Dictator* have six layers of 1-inch plates, armour-stringers, and 42 inches of backing. In the *Kalamazoo* class (perhaps the most formidable of the *Monitor* class in the American navy) the armour is 6 inches thick, being made up of two 3-inch plates, supported by "stringers" of 8 inches in thickness, and backed by 30 inches of oak. One of the peculiarities, and it is feared, the weak point of the American ships is, that the armour terminates at a much less depth below the water-line than it does in our own. For instance, the *Dictator* has six 1-inch plates above the water, but these are reduced to two at 30 inches below the water, and at 3 feet there is but one (see cut on preceding page). In the American turret ships the laminated principle is likewise much adopted; the armour ranging from 8 to 15 inches. No wood-backing or frames are used in their turrets.

To return to our own iron-clads; the accompanying diagrams (page 65) show the extent to which our several classes of iron-clads are armoured. The first represents the *Warrior* class, which are only partially armoured; that is to say, only a portion of the length of the hull is protected. The *Achilles* and *Valiant* form a modification of the *Warrior* class, which modification consists in adding a belt of armour from the upper to the middle deck, thus affording a greater protection. The *Achilles*, in other respects like the *Warrior*, has the water-line belt added. The advantages thus gained are the protection afforded to the rudder-head and steering apparatus, and also greater concentration of the armour and armament. The tendency now is vastly to increase the size of the guns, as is practically illustrated in the *Hercules* and *Bellerophon*, types of ships with heavy central batteries of few but powerful guns, and which have likewise a protected bow and stern battery. The *Royal Oak* and *Lord Clyde* are completely armoured, and have also the addition of a bow and stern battery. In the *Invincible* class the armour is reduced considerably for a certain length amidships, to afford protection to four heavy guns mounted at the angles of an octagonal battery; the advantage thus secured is the ability to use these guns when the weather would not allow of the working of the main deck guns. The class of ships represented by the *Hector*, *Hercules*, and *Lord Clyde*, are likewise most powerfully fitted to act as rams.

SHOWING EXTENT OF ARMOUR.

WARRIOR.



ACHILLES.



VALIANT.



ROYAL OAK.



MINOTAUR.



FAVOURITE.



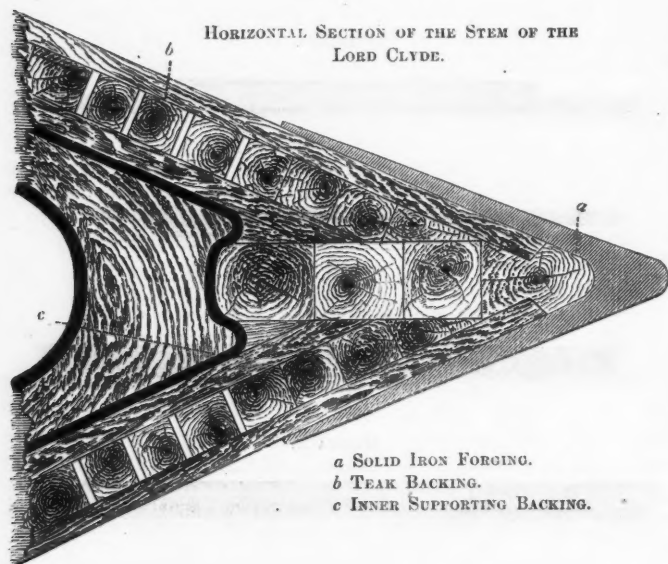
ENTERPRISE.



ROYAL SOVEREIGN.



Having regard to the probability of our war-ships attacking an enemy by "ramming," we insert a sketch of the prow of one of our most powerful iron-clads which has been especially designed to act as a ram. We must add, anent this revival of the naval tactics of ancient times, that each of our iron-clads intended to be thus used is *specially designed to that end*, and, as a matter of course, is so vastly increased in strength as to sustain with impunity the shock which is intended to be fatal to the enemy.



But it may naturally be asked, what provision has been made to secure our own ships from so disastrous a mode of attack? We reply that our ships, with but few exceptions, are built on much the same principle as is the *Great Eastern*, with a few slight modifications: in each of our iron-clads is formed a strong longitudinal space on each side of the ship; which space is divided into comparatively small water-tight compartments, so that supposing one of our vessels were "rammed," only one of these small divisions would be likely to be injured, and the water might enter quite harmlessly. True, if one of our iron-clad frigates received the *direct* and swift attack of an enemy's ram, it is possible that more serious damage might be sustained; but it is not very likely such an event would occur, unless the ship attacked were first rendered unmanageable by loss of steering power, or were handled in a less seamanlike manner than is usual on the part of our officers; and the latter contingency is not likely to arise, while there exists in our navy that spirit of

true seamanship which always secures the most favourable position not only for attack but also for defence.

This paper would hardly be complete without a few words on the armament of our navy, more especially as the adoption of armour in our war-ships is due entirely to the greatly increased power of modern ordnance : indeed the rapid and extraordinary increase in the resisting power of our ships is only equalled by the corresponding increase in the penetrating power of modern guns. Ships of the *Hercules* class may defy guns of to-day, but as the *Warrior's* armour soon yielded to an improved gun, so we may fear and expect the *Hercules* to prove but a poor defence against the gun of the future. Prior to the launch of the *Warrior*, the ordinary naval guns in use in our line-of-battle ships and frigates, consisted of the following:—

68-pounders, weighing	95 cwt.
8-inch (shell-gun) weighing	65 "
32-pounders, weighing	42 to 58 "

The first-named were used, generally, as pivot-guns, the 65-cwt. gun being the largest broadside gun used, and 32-pounders being more often employed. The *Warrior's* armament at first consisted entirely of 68-pounders, but as the size and weight of guns were even then on the increase, these were speedily replaced by heavier armament. And so with all our earlier iron-clads. For instance, the *Minotaur* was intended to carry fifty comparatively light Armstrong guns, but she now has four 12-ton and eighteen 6½-ton guns in her battery, and four 6½-ton guns on the upper deck. Later still we find the *Hercules* armed with eight 18-ton guns throwing shot of 400 lbs. in weight. The armaments of our turret-ships are of still more formidable description. The *Monarch's* armament consists of 25-ton guns, throwing projectiles of 600 lbs. in weight ; and we have in the armaments of the *Thunderer* and *Devastation* a still greater increase, as they both carry 30-ton guns. The old 68-pounders, eight-inch shell guns, and 32-pounders, were all of cast iron with smooth bore ; all the later guns are wrought iron, muzzle-loading and rifled.

The table below shows the extraordinary increase in the penetrating power of our modern guns compared with the heaviest of the guns carried by our navy ten years ago : thus the penetrating power at short range of the

25 ton gun is 3½ times greater than the 68-pounder.	
18 " 3 " " "	"
9 " 2 " " "	"
6½ " 1½ " " "	"

At 1,000 yards the difference is still more marked in favour of modern ordnance. The penetrating power of the

25 ton gun is 7½ times greater than the 68-pounder.	
18 " 7 " " "	"

It is this *continuance* of the penetrating power of heavy shot from rifled guns, that confirms their superiority and gives to the armament of our war-ships so formidable a character.

This will be more forcibly demonstrated when we state the steps taken by the French and American governments to increase the armaments of their iron-clads. The French have made considerable progress in the weight and size of their guns, and have also introduced the rifled system; but their guns are inferior to ours both in size and manufacture, the calibres of their guns ranging from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One of their own writers confirms our remarks by a criticism, by no means favourable, of their breech-loading gun, and he concludes with the following admission as to the relative merits of the guns of the two navies:—"It must, then, be confessed, whatever it may cost us, that in an engagement where the artillery would be called upon to play a decisive part, a French squadron would be almost powerless against an English squadron of similar force."

Thus the principle of muzzle-loading seems to give our guns the advantage; and has, up to the present time, proved itself far preferable to the breech-loading system. Another great advantage on the side of our guns is the greatly increased *initial velocity* of their fire, which far exceeds that attained by either French or American artillery. The Americans have, in fact, simply constructed guns of enormous calibre, but of low initial velocity; thus depending more on the effect of the battering power, while our system aims at penetrating an enemy's ship. The Americans have constructed guns of 9, 11, 13, 15 and 20 inch calibre, and even larger guns than this are likely to be produced. The 15-inch gun throws a shot of 450 lbs. weight; and the 20-inch, shot of 1,080 lbs. weight; but almost all these enormous guns are of cast iron, and are not nearly so formidable as they seem. Captain Noble, in his admirable report "on the penetration of armour plates by steel shot," shows that 15-inch shot would be harmless, so far as penetration goes, when fired at the *Lord Warden*, while our 9-inch 12-ton gun would penetrate ships carrying those huge guns, at 1,000 yards.

The fact of the Americans using *cast-iron* shot is another great drawback to the efficiency of their guns; for before they can get near enough to any of our ships, the latter are capable of penetrating, and, probably, of disabling them. But our cousins across the Atlantic are not generally slow in seeing a mistake, and, with the characteristic of true greatness, confessing it, not only in actual words, but also in deeds; for we find it stated in a "Report of the Ordnance Committee," approved by Congress, that "to return to smooth-bores, throwing large spherical shot at low velocities, is to disregard all modern progress in the science of gunnery, and to return to the arm in use two hundred years ago."

As regards the speed attained by our iron-clads, we have most satisfactory results, if we are to place any confidence in those most capable of judging. Rear-Admiral Warden, Admiral Hornby, and Admiral Daeres,

have each spoken in the highest terms of the performance of our iron-clads under sail, and as regards their capabilities under steam the result is still more satisfactory; for, in the latter case, the majority of them attain a greater speed than did the crack ships of our wooden navy of ten years since: we find fourteen knots by no means an uncommon speed; the *Agincourt* even attained fifteen-and-a-half knots, though this, it is but fair to state, was not at load draught. The speed of our iron-clads was not that merely attained at the measured-mile trials, but was, in most cases, sustained in a six hours' ocean cruise: and although these ships have been some time in commission, their late performances were nearly identical with the speed attained at the measured-mile trials.

In considering the speed hitherto attained, it must not be inferred that the present performances of our iron-clads are the utmost that *should be* within the capabilities of such vessels; although our present achievements in that particular enable us to contend successfully with the navies of rival powers. And we may rest assured that, having made such good progress in the reconstruction of our fleet, when the time comes for putting it to the test—which we earnestly hope may long be deferred—we shall prove that England's iron-clads are as well manned and as skilfully handled as our old "wooden walls" were in the most glorious epochs of our naval history; when, as was ever our wont, "we singed our enemy's beard" in his own ports, without waiting for him to come and attack us nearer home.

E. F. C.

Success.

I.

A FIGURE terrible and bright,
 With smiling lips, that seemed to sneer,
 Dark eyes aflame with fierce delight,
 And grasping in her hand a spear.
 Those eyes might wound, but could not heal ;
 Those lips might curse, but could not bless.
 What is her name ? I dimly feel
 A murmur in my ears—"Success."

II.

"I fling," she said (her voice was loud,
 Like storm-winds on the mountain-tops),
 "A fading wreath among the crowd,
 A chance hand grasps it as it drops :
 With breathless awe the people gaze—
 A hero treads the earth again !
 Fit theme for wonder and for praise,
 Fit subject for a poet's strain."

III.

"The wearer goes his glorious way
 As meekly as his fame allows ;
 But soon the fragile blooms decay,
 The iron frame confines his brows.
 He asks new flowers—success is sweet—
 With eager cries and wild appeals ;
 With blinding tears he bathes my feet,
 And look !—I crush him as he kneels."

IV.

" Ah, how men woo me ! they will leave
The fondest eyes that ever shone
In faithful loneliness to grieve
If with a smile I lure them on.
Oh, well is love the poet's song,
And friendship is a truth indeed,
Immortal as the hills—so long
As love is rich, and friends succeed.

V.

" See you that woman's shrinking form,
Who clasps in vain her pleading hands,
Whilst round her shrieks the deadly storm,
And closer press the hostile bands.
Where are they now who praised her deeds,
Her joyous court, her splendid throne ?
Is there no help ? The answer speeds—
' Go—let her reap as she has sown.'

VI.

" Poor derelict of strength and fame !
The firm ally, the trusty friend
Are only liberal of blame,
And watch unmoved the bitter end.
Though old her tale, its time is now !
To you and yours my words apply :
Write PARRIS on that woman's brow,
Then tell me, mortal, if I lie ! "

W. P. L.

Shearing in Riverina, New South Wales.

"SHEARING commences to-morrow!" These apparently simple words were spoken by Hugh Gordon, the manager of Anabanco station, in the district of Riverina, in the colony of New South Wales, one Monday morning in the month of August. The utterance had its importance to every member of a rather extensive "corps dramatique" awaiting the industrial drama about to be performed.

A low sand-hill a few years since had looked out over a sea of grey plains, covered partly with grass, partly with salsiferous bushes and herbs. Two or three huts built of the trunks of the pine and roofed with the bark of the box-tree, and a skeleton-looking cattle-yard with its high "gallows" (a rude timber stage whereon to hang slaughtered cattle), alone broke the monotony of the plain-ocean. A comparatively small herd of cattle, 2,000 or 3,000, found more than sufficient pasturage during the short winter and spring, but were always compelled to migrate to mountain pastures, when the swamps, which alone in those days formed the water-stores of the run, were dried up. But two or three, or at most half-a-dozen, stockmen, were ever needed for the purpose of managing the herd, so inadequate in number and profitable occupation to this vast tract of grazing country.

But, a little later, one of the great chiefs of the wool-producing interest—a shepherd-king, so to speak, of shrewdness, energy, and capital,—had seen, approved and purchased the lease of this waste kingdom. Almost at once, as if by magic, the scene changed. Great gangs of navvies appeared wending their way across the silent plain. Dams were made, wells were dug. Tons of fencing-wire were dropped on the sand by the long line of teams which seemed never tired of arriving. Sheep by thousands, and tens of thousands, began to come grazing and cropping up to the lonely sandhill—now swarming with blacksmiths, carpenters, engineers, fencers, shepherds, bullock-drivers—till the place looked like a fair on the borders of Tartary.

Meanwhile everything was moving with calculated force and cost, under the "reign of law." The seeming expense was merely the economic truth of doing all the necessary work at once, rather than by instalments. One hundred men for one day rather than one man for one hundred days. Results soon began to demonstrate themselves. In twelve months the dams were full, the wells sending up their far-fetched priceless water, the wire-fences erected, the shepherds gone, and 17,000 sheep cropping the herbage of Anabanco. Tuesday was the day fixed for the actual commencement of the momentous, almost solemn transaction,—the pastoral Hegira, so

to speak, as the time of most station events is calculated with reference to it, as happening before or after shearing. But before the first shot is fired which tells of the battle begun, what raids and skirmishes, what reconnoitring and vidette duty must take place !

First arrives the cook-in-chief to the shearers, with two assistants, to lay in a few provisions for the week's consumption of seventy able-bodied men. I must here explain that the cook of a large shearing-shed is a highly paid and tolerably irresponsible official. He is paid and provided by the shearers. Payment is generally arranged on the scale of half-a-crown a head weekly from each shearer. For this sum he must provide punctual and effective cooking, paying out of his own pocket as many "marmitons" as may be needful for that end, and to satisfy his tolerably exacting and fastidious employers.

In the present case he confers with the storekeeper, Mr. de Vere ; a young gentleman of aristocratic connexions, who is thus gaining an excellent practical knowledge of the working of a large station,—and to this end has the store-keeping department entrusted to him during shearing.

He does not perhaps look quite fit for a croquet party as he stands now, with a flour-scoop in one hand and a pound of tobacco in the other. But he looks like a man at work, and also like a gentleman, as he is. "Jack the Cook" thus addresses him :

"Now, Mr. de Vere, I hope there's not going to be any humbugging about my rations and things ! The men are all up in their quarters, and as hungry as free selectors. They've been a-payin' for their rations for ever so long, and of course, now shearing's on, they're good for a little extra !"

"All right, Jack," returns De Vere, good-temperedly ; "all your lot was weighed out and sent away before breakfast. You must have missed the cart. Here's the list. I'll read it out to you :—Three bags flour, half a bullock, two bags sugar, a chest of tea, four dozen of pickles, four dozen of jam, two gallons of vinegar, five lbs. pepper, a bag of salt, plates, knives, forks, ovens, frying-pans, saucepans, iron pots, and about a hundred other things. Now, mind you, return all the cooking things safe, or *pay for them*—that's the order. You don't want anything more, do you ? You've got enough for a regiment of cavalry, I should think."

"Well, I don't know. There won't be much left in a week if the weather holds good," makes answer the chief, as one who thought nothing too stupendous to be accomplished by shearers ; "but I knew I'd forgot something. As I'm here I'll take a few dozen boxes of sardines, and a case of pickled salmon. The boys likes 'em, and, murder alive ! haven't we forgot the plums and currants ; a hundredweight of each, Mr. de Vere. They'll be crying out for plum-duff and currant buns for the afternoon ; and bullying the life out of me, if I haven't a few trifles like. It's a hard life, surely, a shearers' cook. Well, good-by, sir, you have 'em all down in the book."

Lest the reader should imagine that the rule of Mr. Gordon at Anabanco was a reign of luxury and that waste which tendeth to penury, let him be aware that all shearers in Riverina are paid at a certain rate, usually that of one pound per hundred sheep shorn. They agree, on the other hand, to pay for all supplies consumed by them at certain prices fixed before the shearing agreement is signed. Hence, it is entirely their own affair whether their mess bills are extravagant or economical. They can have anything within the rather wide range of the station store. *Pâtés de foie gras*, ortolans, roast ostrich, novels, top-boots, double-barrelled guns, *if they like to pay for them*—with one exception. No wine, no spirits! Neither are they permitted to bring these stimulants “on to the ground” for their private use. Grog at shearing? Matches in a powder-mill! It’s very sad and bad; but our Anglo-Saxon industrial or defensive champion cannot be trusted with the fire-water. Navvies, men-of-war’s men, soldiers, *and* shearers,—fine fellows all. But though the younger men might only drink in moderation, the majority and the older men are utterly without self-control once in the front of temptation. And wars, “wounds without cause,” hot heads, shaking hands, delay and bad shearing, would be the inevitable results of spirits “*à la discrétion*.” So much is this a matter of certainty from experience, that a clause is inserted and cheerfully signed, in most shearing agreements, “that any man getting drunk or bringing spirits on to the station during shearing, *loses the whole of the money earned by him*.” The men know that the restriction is for their benefit, as well as for the interest of the master, and join in the prohibition heartily.

Let us give a glance at the small army of working-men assembled at Anabanco,—one out of hundreds of stations in the colony of New South Wales, ranging from 100,000 sheep downwards. There are seventy shearers; about fifty washers, including the men connected with the steam-engine, boilers, bricklayers, &c.; ten or twelve boundary-riders, whose duty it is to ride round the large paddocks, seeing that the fences are all intact, and keeping a general look-out over the condition of the sheep; three or four overseers; half-a-dozen young gentlemen acquiring a practical knowledge of sheep-farming, or, as it is generally phrased, “colonial experience,” a comprehensive expression enough; a score or two of teamsters, with a couple of hundred horses or bullocks, waiting for the high-piled wool-bales, which are loaded up and sent away almost as soon as shorn; wool-sorters, pickers-up, pressers, yardsmen, extra shepherds. It may easily be gathered from this outline, what an “army with banners” is arrayed at Anabanco. While statistically inclined, it may be added, that the cash due for the shearing alone (less the mess-bill) amounts to 1,700*l.*; for the washing (roughly), 400*l.*, exclusive of provisions consumed, hutting, wood, water, cooking, &c. Carriage of wool 1,500*l.* Other hands from 30*l.* to 40*l.* per week. All of which disbursements take place within from eight to twelve weeks after the shears are in the first sheep.

Tuesday comes "big with fate." As the sun tinges the far sky-line, the shearers are taking a slight refecton of coffee and currant buns, to enable them to withstand the exhausting interval between six and eight o'clock, when the serious breakfast occurs. Shearers always diet themselves on the principle that the more they eat the stronger they must be. Digestion, as preliminary to muscular development, is left to take its chance. They certainly do get through a tremendous amount of work. The whole frame is at its utmost tension, early and late. But the preservation of health is due to their natural strength of constitution rather than to their profuse and unscientific diet. Half-an-hour after sunrise Mr. Gordon walks quietly into the vast building which contains the sheep and their shearers—called "the shed," par excellence. Everything is in perfect cleanliness and order. The floor swept and smooth, with its carefully planed boards of pale yellow aromatic pine. Small tramways, with baskets for the fleeces, run the wool up to the wool-tables, superseding the more general plan of hand-picking. At each side of the shed floor are certain small areas, four or five feet square, such space being found by experience to be sufficient for the postures and gymnastics practised during the shearing of a sheep. Opposite to each square is an aperture, communicating with a long narrow paved yard, outside of the shed. Through this each man pops his sheep when shorn, where he remains in company with the others shorn by the same hand, until counted out. This being done by the overseer or manager supplies a check upon hasty or unskilful work. The body of the wool-shed, floored with battens placed half an inch apart, is filled with the woolly victims. This enclosure is subdivided into minor pens, of which each fronts the place of two shearers, who catch from it until the pen is empty. When this takes place, a man for the purpose refills it. As there are local advantages, an equitable distribution of places has to be made by lot.

On every subdivision stands a shearer, as Mr. Gordon walks, with an air of calm authority, down the long aisle. Seventy men, chiefly in their prime, the flower of the working-men of the colony, they are variously gathered. England, Ireland, and Scotland are represented in the proportion of one half of the number; the other half is composed of native-born Australians.

Among these last—of pure Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic descent—are to be seen some of the finest men, physically considered, the race is capable of producing. Taller than their British-born brethren, with softer voices and more regular features, they inherit the powerful frames and unequalled muscular development of the breed. Leading lives chiefly devoted to agricultural labour, they enjoy larger intervals of leisure than is permissible to the labouring-classes of Europe. The climate is mild, and favourable to health. They have been accustomed, from childhood, to abundance of the best food; opportunities of intercolonial travel are frequent and common. Hence the Anglo-Australian labourer, without, on the one hand, the sharpened eagerness which marks his Transatlantic

cousin, has yet an air of independence and intelligence, combined with a natural grace of movement, unknown to the peasantry of Britain.

An idea is prevalent that the Australians are, as a race, physically inferior to the British. It is asserted that they grow too fast, tend to height and slenderness, and do not possess adequate stamina and muscle. The idea is erroneous. The men reared in the cities on the seaboard, living sedentary lives in shops, banks, or counting-houses, are doubtless more or less pale and slight of form. So are they who live under such conditions all over the world. But those youngsters who have followed the plough on the upland farms, or lived a wilder life on the stations of the far interior, who have had their fill of wheaten bread and beefsteaks since they could walk, and snuffed up the free bush breezes from infancy, they are *men*—

Stout of heart and ready of hand,
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland ;

—a business, I may remark, at which many of them would have distinguished themselves.

Take Abraham Lawson, as he stands there in a natural and unstudied attitude, six feet four in his stockings, wide-chested, stalwart, with a face like that of a Greek statue. Take Billy May, fair-haired, mild, insouciant, almost languid, till you see him at work. Then, again, Jack Windsor, handsome, saucy, and wiry as a bull-terrier—like him, with strong natural inclination for the combat ; good for any man of his weight, or a trifle over, with the gloves or without.

It is curious to note how the old English practice of settling disputes with nature's weapons has taken root in Australia. It would "gladden the sullen souls" of the defunct gladiators to watch two lads, whose fathers had never trodden England's soil, pull off their jackets, and go to work "hammer and tongs," with all the savage silence of the true island type.

It is now about seven o'clock. Mr. Gordon moves forward. As he does so, every man leans towards the open door of the pen in front of which he stands. The bell sounds ! With the first stroke each one of the seventy men has sprung upon a sheep ; has drawn it out—placed its head across his knee, and is working his shears, as if the "last man out" was to be flogged, or tarred and feathered at the least. Four minutes—James Steadman, who learned last year, has shorn down one side of his sheep ; Jack Holmes and Gundajai Bill are well down the other sides of theirs ; when Billy May raises himself with a jerking sigh, and releases his sheep, perfectly clean-shorn from the nose to the heels, through the aperture of his separate enclosure. With the same effort apparently he calls out "Wool !" and darts upon another sheep. Drawing this second victim across his knee, he buries his shear-points in the long wool of its neck. A moment after a lithe and eager boy has gathered up fleece number one, and tossed it into the train-basket. He is half-way down its side, the wool hanging in one fleece like a great glossy mat, before

you have done wondering whether he did really shear the first sheep; or whether he had not a ready-shorn one in his coat-sleeve—like a conjuror.

By this time Jack Holmes and Gundajai Bill are "out," or finished; and the cry of "Wool! wool!" seems to run continuously up and down the long aisles of the shed, like a single note upon some rude instrument. Now and then the "refrain" is varied by "Tar!" being shouted instead, when a piece of skin is snipped off as well as the wool. Great healing properties are attributed to this extract in the shed. And if a shearer slice off a piece of flesh from his own person, as occasionally happens, he gravely anoints it with the universal remedy, and considers that the onus then lies with Providence, there being no more that man can do. Though little time is lost, the men are by no means up to the speed which they will attain in a few days, when in full practice and training. Their nerve, muscle, eye, endurance, will be all at, so to speak, concert-pitch, and sheep after sheep will be shorn with a precision and celerity even awful to the unprofessional observer.

The unpastoral reader may be informed that speed and completeness of denudation are the grand desiderata in shearing; the employer thinks principally of the latter, the shearer principally of the former. To adjust equitably the proportion is one of those incomplete aspirations which torment humanity. Hence the contest—old as human society—between labour and capital.

This is the first day. According to old-established custom a kind of truce obtains. It is before the battle,—the "salut," when no hasty word or too demonstrative action can be suffered by the canons of good taste. Red Bill, Flash Jack, Jem the Scooper, and other roaring blades, more famous for expedition than faithful manipulation, are shearing to-day with a painstaking precision, as of men to whom character is everything.

Mr. Gordon marches softly up and down, regarding the shearers with a paternal and gratified expression, occasionally hinting at slight improvements of style, or expressing unqualified approval as a sheep is turned out shaven rather than shorn. All goes on well. Nothing is heard but expressions of good-will and enthusiasm for the general welfare. It is a triumph of the dignity of labour.

One o'clock. Mr. Gordon moved on to the bell and sounded it. At the first stroke several men on their way to the pens stopped abruptly and began to put on their coats. One fellow of an alert nature (Master Jack Windsor) had just finished his sheep and was sharpening his shears, when his eye caught Mr. Gordon's form in proximity to the final bell. With a bound, like a wild-cat, he reached the pen and drew out his sheep a bare second before the first stroke, amidst the laughter and congratulations of his comrades. Another man had his hand on the pen-gate at the same instant, but by the Median law was compelled to return sheepless. He was cheered, but ironically. Those whose sheep were in an unfinished stage quietly completed them; the others moving off to their

huts, where their board literally smoked with abundance. An hour passed. The meal was concluded; the smoke was over; and the more careful men were back in the shed sharpening their shears by two o'clock. Punctually at that hour the bell repeated its summons *da capo*. The warm afternoon gradually lengthened its shadows; the shears clicked in tireless monotone; the pens filled and became empty. The wool-presses yawned for the mountain of fleeces which filled the bins in front of them, divided into various grades of excellence, and continuously disgorged them, neatly and cubically packed and branded.

At six the bell brought the day's work to a close. The sheep of each man were counted in his presence, and noted down with scrupulous care, the record being written out in full and hung up for public inspection in the shed next day. This important ceremony over, master and men, manager, labourers and supernumeraries, betook themselves to their separate abodes, with such keen avoidance of delay, that in five minutes not a soul was left in or near the great building lately so busy and populous, except the boys who were sweeping up the floor. The silence of ages seems to fall and settle upon it.

Next morning at a rather earlier hour every man is at his post. Business is meant decidedly. Now commences the delicate and difficult part of the superintendence which keeps Mr. Gordon at his post in the shed, nearly from daylight till dark, for from eight to ten weeks. During the first day he has formed a sort of gauge of each man's temper and workmanship. For now, and henceforth, the natural bias of each shearer will appear. Some try to shear too fast, and in their haste shear badly. Some are rough and savage with the sheep, which do occasionally kick and become unquiet at critical times; and it must be confessed are provoking enough. Some shear very fairly and handsomely to a superficial eye, but commit the unpardonable offence of "leaving wool on." Some are deceitful, shearing carefully when overlooked, but "racing" and otherwise misbehaving directly the eye of authority is diverted. These and many other tricks and defects require to be noted and abated, quietly but firmly, by the manager of the shed,—firmly because evil would develop and spread ruinously if not checked; quietly, because immense loss might be incurred by a strike. Shearing differs from other work in this wise: it is work against time, more especially in Riverina. If the wool be not off the backs of the sheep before November, all sorts of drawbacks and destructions supervene. The spear-shaped grass-seeds, specially formed as if in special collusion with the Evil One, hasten to bury themselves in the wool, and even in the flesh of the tender victims. Dust rises in red clouds from the unmoistened, betrampled meadows so lately verdurous and flower-spangled. From snowy white to an unlovely "bistre" turn the carefully washed fleeces, causing anathema from overseers and depreciation from brokers. All these losses of temper, trouble, and money, become inevitable if shearing be protracted, it may be, beyond a given week.

Hence, as in harvest with a short allowance of fair weather, discipline must be tempered with diplomacy. Lose your temper, and be over particular : off go Billy May, Abraham Lawson, and half-a-dozen of your best men, making a weekly difference of perhaps two or three thousand sheep for the remainder of the shearing. Can you not replace them ? Not so ! Every shed in Riverina will be hard at work during this present month of September and for every hour of October. Till that time not a shearer will come to your gate ; except, perhaps, one or two useless, characterless men. Are you to tolerate bad workmanship ? Not that either. But try all other means with your men before you resort to harshness ; and be quite certain that your sentence is just, and that you can afford the defection.

So our friend Mr. Gordon, wise from many tens of thousands of shorn sheep that have been counted out past his steady eye, criticizes temperately, but watchfully. He reproves sufficiently, and no more, any glaring fault ; makes his calculation as to who are really bad shearers, and can be discharged without loss to the commonwealth, or who can shear fairly and can be coached up to a decent average. One division, slow, and good only when slow, have to be watched lest they emulate "the talent," and so come to grief. Then "the talent" has to be mildly admonished from time to time lest they force the pace, set a bad example, and lure the other men on to "racing." This last leads to slovenly shearing, ill-usage of the sheep, and general dissatisfaction.

Tact, temper, patience, and firmness are each and all necessary in that Captain of Industry, who has the very delicate and important task of superintending a large wool-shed. Hugh Gordon had shown all in such proportion as would have made him a distinguished man anywhere, had fortune not adjusted for him this particular profession. Calm with the consciousness of strength, he was kind and considerate in manner as in nature, until provoked by glaring dishonesty or incivility. Then the lion part of his nature woke up, so that it commonly went ill with the aggressor. As this was matter of public report, he had little occasion to spoil the repose of his bearing. Day succeeds day, and for a fortnight the machinery goes on smoothly and successfully. The sheep arrive at an appointed day and hour by detachments and regiments at the wash-pen. They depart thence, like good boys on Saturday night, redolent of soap and water, and clean to a fault ;—entering the shed white and flossy as newly-combed poodles, to emerge, on the way back to their pasturage, slim, delicate, agile, with a bright black A legibly branded with tar on their paper-white skins.

The Anabanco world—stiffish but undaunted—is turning out of bed one morning. Ha ! what sounds are these ? and why does the room look so dark ? Rain, as I'm alive. "Hurrah !" says Master Jack Bowles, one of the young gentlemen. He is learning (more or less) practical sheep-farming, preparatory to having (one of these days) an Anabanco of his own. "Well, this is a change, and I'm not sorry for one," quoth

Mr. Jack. "I'm stiff all over. No one can stand such work long. Won't the shearers growl? No shearing to-day, and perhaps none to-morrow either." Truth to tell, Mr. Bowles' sentiments are not confined to his ingenuous bosom. Some of the shearers grumble at being stopped "just as a man was earning a few shillings." Those who are in top pace and condition don't like it. But to many of the rank and file—working up to and a little beyond their strength—with whom swelled wrists and other protests of nature are becoming apparent, it is a relief, and they are glad of the respite. So at dinner-time all the sheep in the sheds, put in overnight in anticipation of such a contingency, are reported shorn. All hands are then idle for the rest of the day. The shearers dress and avail themselves of various resources. Some go to look at their horses, now in clover, or its equivalent, in the Riverina graminetum. Some play cards, others wash or mend their clothes. A large proportion of the Australians having armed themselves with paper, envelopes, and a shilling's-worth of stamps from the store, bethink themselves of neglected or desirable correspondents. Many a letter for Mrs. Leftalone, Wallaroo Creek, or Miss Jane Sweetapple, Honeysuckle Flat, as the case may be, will find its way into the post-bag to-morrow. A pair of the youngsters are having a round or two with the gloves; while to complete the variety of recreations compatible with life at a wool-shed, a selected troupe are busy in the comparative solitude of that building, at a rehearsal of a tragedy and a farce, with which they intend, the very next rainy day, to astonish the population of Anabanco.

At the home-station a truce to labour's "alarms" is proclaimed except in the case and person of Mr. de Vere. So far is he from participation in the general holiday, that he finds the store thronged with shearers, washers, and "knock-about men," who being let loose, think it would be nice to go and buy something "pour passer le temps." He therefore grumbles slightly at having no rest like other people.

"That's all very fine," says Mr. Jack Bowles, who, seated on a case, is smoking a large meerschauum and mildly regarding all things; "but what have you got to do when we're all *hard at work* at the shed?" with an air of great importance and responsibility.

"That's right, Mr. Bowles," chimes in one of the shearers; "stand up for the shed. I never see a young gentleman work as hard as you do."

"Bosh!" growls De Vere; "as if anybody couldn't gallop about from the shed to the wash-pen, and carry messages, and give half of them wrong! Why, Mr. Gordon said the other day, he should have to take you off and put on a Chinaman,—that he couldn't make more mistakes."

"All envy and malice, and t'other thing, De Vere, because you think I'm rising in the profession," returns the good-natured Bowles. "Mr. Gordon's going to send 20,000 sheep, after shearing, to the Lik Lak paddock, and he said I should go in charge."

"Charge be hanged!" laughs De Vere (with two very bright-patterned Crimean shirts, one in each hand, which he offers to a tall young shearer

for inspection). "There's a well there, and whenever either of the two men, of whom you'll have *charge*, gets sick or runs away, you'll have to work the whim in his place, till another man's sent out, if it's a month."

This appalling view of station promotion rather startles Mr. Jack, who applies himself to his meerschaum, amid the ironical *comments* of the shearers. However, not easily daunted or "shut up," according to the more familiar station phrase, he rejoins, after a brief interval of contemplation, "that accidents will happen, you know, De Vere, my boy—*à propos* of which moral sentiment, I'll come and help you in your dry-goods business; and then, look here, if *you* get ill or run away, I'll have a profession to fall back upon." This is held to be a Roland of sufficient pungency for De Vere's Oliver. Every one laughed. And then the two youngsters betook themselves to a humorous puffing of the miscellaneous contents of the store: tulip-beds of gorgeous Crimean shirts, boots, books, tobacco, canvas-slippers, pocket-knives, Epsom salts, pipes, pickles, painkillers, pocket-handkerchiefs and pills, sardines, saddles, shears and sauces; in fact everything which every kind of man might want, and which apparently every man did want, for large and various were the purchases, and great the flow of conversation. Finally, everything was severely and accurately debited to the purchasers, and the store was cleared and locked up. A large store is a necessity of a large station; not by any means because of the profit upon goods sold, but it obviously would be bad economy for old Bill, the shepherd, or Barney, the bullock-driver, to visit the next township, from ten to thirty miles distant, as the case may be, every time the farmer wanted a pound of tobacco, or the latter a pair of boots. They might possibly obtain these necessary articles as good in quality, as cheap in price. But there are wolves in that wood, oh, my weak brothers! In all towns dwells one of the "sons of the Giant"—the Giant Grog—red-eyed, with steel muscles and iron claws; once in these, which have held many and better men to the death, Barney nor Bill emerges, save pale, fevered, nerveless, and impecunious. So arose the station store. Barney befits himself with boots without losing his feet; Bill fills his pocket with match-boxes and smokes the pipe of sobriety, virtuous perforce till his carnival, after shearing.

The next day was wet, and threatened further broken weather. Matters were not too placid with the shearers. A day or two for rest is very well, but continuous wet weather means compulsory idleness, and gloom succeeds repose; for not only are all hands losing time and earning no money, but they are, to use the language of the stable, "eating their heads off" the while. The rather profuse mess and general expenditure, which caused little reflection when they were earning at the rate of two or three hundred a year, became unpleasantly suggestive, now that all is going out and nothing coming in. Hence loud and deep were the anathemas as the discontented men gazed sadly or wrathfully at the misty sky.

A few days' showery weather having, therefore, well nigh driven our shearers to desperation, out comes the sun in all his glory. He is never far away or very faint in Riverina. All the pens are filled for the morrow; very soon after the earliest sunbeams the bell sounds its welcome summons, and the whole force tackles to the work with an ardour proportioned to the delay, every man working as if for the ransom of his whole family from slavery. How men work spurred on by the double excitement of acquiring social reputation and making money rapidly! Not an instant is lost; not a nerve, limb, or muscle doing less than the hardest taskmaster could flog out of a slave. Occasionally you see a shearer, after finishing his sheep, walk quickly out, and not appearing for a couple of hours, or perhaps not again during the day. Do not put him down as a sluggard; be assured that he has tasked nature dangerously hard, and has only given in just before she does. Look at that silent slight youngster, with a bandage round his swollen wrist. Every "blow" of the shears is agony to him, yet he disdains to give in, and has been working "in distress" for hours. The pain is great, as you can see by the flush which occasionally surges across his brown face, yet he goes on manfully to the last sheep, and endures to the very verge of fainting.

There was now a change in the manner and tone of the shed, especially towards the end of the day. It was now the ding of the desperate fray, when the blood of the fierce animal man is up, when mortal blows are exchanged, and curses float upward with the smoke and dust. The ceaseless clicking of the shears—the stern earnestness of the men, toiling with a feverish and tireless energy—the constant succession of sheep shorn and let go, caught and commenced—the occasional savage oath or passionate gesture, as a sheep kicked and struggled with perverse delaying obstinacy—the cuts and stabs, with attendant effusion of blood, both of sheep and shearers—the brief decided tones of Mr. Gordon, in repression or command—all told the spectator that tragic action was introduced into the performance. Indeed, one of the minor excitements of shearing was then and there transacted. Mr. Gordon had more than once warned a dark sullen-looking man that he did not approve of his style of shearing. He was temporarily absent, and on his return found the same man about to let go a sheep, whose appearance, as a shorn wool-bearing quadruped, was painful and discreditable in the extreme.

"Let your sheep go, my man," said he, in a tone which somehow arrested the attention of nearly all the shearers; "but don't trouble yourself to catch another!"

"Why not?" said the delinquent, sulkily.

"You know very well why not!" replied Gordon, walking closely up to him, and looking straight at him with eyes that began to glitter. "You've had fair warning; you've not chosen to take it. Now you can go!"

"I suppose you'll pay a man for the sheep he's shorn?" growled out the ruffian.

"Not one shilling until after shearing. You can come then if you like," answered Mr. Gordon, with perfect distinctness.

The cowed bully looked savagely at him; but the tall powerful frame and steady eye were not inviting for personal arbitration of the matter in hand. He put up his two pairs of shears, put on his coat, and walked out of the shed. The time was passed when Red Bill or Terrible Dick (ruffians whom a sparse labour-market rendered necessary evils) would have flung down his shears upon the floor and told the manager that if he didn't like that shearing he could shear his — sheep himself and be hanged to him; or, on refusal of instant payment, would have proposed to bury his shears in the intestines of his employer by way of adjusting the balance between Capital and Labour. Many wild tales are told of wool-shed rows. I knew of one squatter stabbed mortally with that fatal and convenient weapon, a shear-blade.

The man thus summarily dealt with could, like most of his companions, shear very well if he took pains. Keeping to a moderate number of sheep, his workmanship could be good. But he must needs try and keep up with Billy May or Abraham Lawson, who can shear from 100 to 180 sheep per day, and do them beautifully. So in "racing" he works hastily and badly, cuts the skin of his luckless sheep nearly as often as the wool, and leaves wool here and there on them, grievous and exasperating to behold. So sentence of expulsion goes forth fully against him. Having arrayed himself for the road he makes one more effort for a settlement and some money wherewith to pay for board and lodging on the road. Only to have a mad carouse at the nearest township, however; after which he will tell a plausible story of his leaving the shed on account of Mr. Gordon's temper, and avail himself of the usual free hospitality of the bush to reach another shed. He addresses Mr. Gordon with an attempt at conciliation and deference.

"It seems very 'ard, sir, as a man can't get the trifle of money coming to him, which I've worked 'ard for."

"It's very hard you won't try and shear decently," retorts Mr. Gordon by no means conciliated. "Leave the shed!"

Ill-conditioned rascal as he is, he has a mate or travelling-companion in whose breast exists some rough idea of fidelity. He now takes up the dialogue.

"I suppose if Jim's shearing don't suit, mine won't either."

"I did not speak to you," answered Mr. Gordon, as calmly as if he had expected the speech; "but of course you can go too." He said this with an air of studied unconcern, as if he would rather like a dozen more men to knock off work. The two men walk out; but the epidemic does not spread; and several take the lesson home and mend their ways accordingly.

The weather now was splendid; not a cloud specked the bright blue

sky. The shearers continue to work at the same express-train pace; fifty bales of wool roll every day from the wool-presses; as fast as they reach that number they are loaded upon the numerous drays and waggons which have been waiting for weeks. Tall brown men have been recklessly cutting up hides for the last fortnight, wherewith to lash the bales securely. It is considered safer practice to load wool as soon as may be; fifty bales represent about a thousand pounds sterling. In a building, however secure, should a fire break out, a few hundred bales are easily burned; but once on the dray, this much-dreaded "edax rerum" in a dry country has little chance. The driver, responsible to the extent of his freight, generally sleeps under his dray; hence both watchman and insulation are provided.

The unrelaxing energy with which the work was pushed at this stage was exciting and contagious; at or before daylight every soul in the great establishment was up. The boundary-riders were always starting off for a twenty or thirty mile ride, and bringing tens of thousands of sheep to the wash-pen; at that huge lavatory there was splashing and soaking all day with an army of washers; not a moment is lost from daylight till dark, or used for any purpose save the all-engrossing work and needful food. At nine o'clock p.m. luxurious dreamless sleep, given only to those whose physical powers have been taxed to the utmost and who can bear without injury the daily tension.

Everything and everybody were in splendid working order,—nothing out of gear. Rapid and regular as a steam-engine the great host of toilers moved onward daily with a march which promised an unusually early completion. Mr. Gordon was not in high spirits,—for so cautious and far-seeing a captain rarely felt himself so independent of circumstances as to indulge in that reckless mood—but much satisfied with the prospect. Whew! the afternoon darkens, and the night is delivered over to water-spouts and hurricanes, as it appears. Next day raw, gusty, with chill heavy showers, drains to be cut, roofs to be seen to, shorn sheep shivering, washers all playing pitch-and-toss, shearers sulky; everybody but the young gentlemen wearing a most injured expression of countenance. "Looks as if it would rain for a month," says Long Jack. "If we hadn't been delayed might have had the shearing over by this." Reminded that there are 50,000 sheep yet remaining to be shorn, and that by no possibility could they have been finished. Answers, "he supposes so, always the same, everything sure to go agin the poor man." The weather did not clear up. Winter seemed to have taken thought, and determined to show even this land of eternal summer that he had his rights. The shed would be filled, and before the sheep so kept dry were shorn, down would come the rain again. Not a full day's shearing for ten days. Then the clouds disappeared as if the curtain of a stage had been rolled up, and lo! the golden sun fervid and impatient to obliterate the track of winter.

The first day after the recommencement, matters went much as usual.

Steady work and little talk, as if every one was anxious to make up for the lost time. But on the second morning after breakfast, when the bell sounded, instead of the usual cheerful dash at the sheep, every man stood silent and motionless in his place. Some one uttered the words "roll up!" Then the seventy men converged, and slowly, but with one impulse, walked up to the end of the shed where stood Mr. Gordon.

The concerted action of any body of men bears with it an element of power which commands respect. The weapon of force is theirs, it is at their option to wield it with or without mercy. At one period of Australian colonization a superintendent in Mr. Gordon's position might have had good ground for uneasiness. Mr. Jack Bowles saw in it an "émeute" of a democratic and sanguinary nature, regretted deeply his absent revolver, but drew up to his leader prepared to die by his side. That calm centurion felt no such serious misgivings. He knew that there had been dire grumbling among the shearers in consequence of the weather. He knew that there were malcontents among them. He was prepared for some sort of demand on their part, and had concluded to make certain concessions of a moderate degree. So looking cheerfully at the men, he quietly awaited the deputation. As they neared him there was a little hesitation, and then three delegates came to the front. These were Old Ben, Abraham Lawson, and Billy May. Ben Thornton had been selected from his age and long experience of the rights and laws of the craft. He was a weather-beaten, wiry old Englishman, whose face and accent, darkened as the former was by the Australian summers of half a century, still retained the trace of his native Devonshire. It was his boast that he had shorn for forty years, and as regularly "knocked-down" (or spent in a single debauch) his shearing-money. Lawson represented the small freeholders, being a steady, shrewd fellow, and one of the fastest shearers. Billy May stood for the fashion and "talent," being the "Ringer," or fastest shearer of the whole assembly, and as such truly admirable and distinguished.

"Well now, men," quoth Mr. Gordon, cheerily meeting matters half-way, "what's it all about?" The younger delegate looked at old Ben, who, now that it "was demanded of him to speak the truth," or such dilution thereof as might seem most favourable to the interests of the shed, found a difficulty like many wiser men about his exordium.

"Well, Muster Gordon," at length he broke forth, "look'ee here, sir. The weather's been awful bad, and clean agin shearing. We've not been earning our grub, and——"

"So it has," answered the manager, "so it has; but can I help the weather? I'm as anxious as you are to have the shearing over quickly. We're both of one mind about that, eh?"

"That's all right enough, sir," struck in Abraham Lawson; who felt that Ben was getting the worst of the argument, and was moreover far less fluent than usual, probably from being deprived of the aid of the customary expletives: "but we've come to say this, sir: that the season's turned out

very wet indeed; we've had a deal of broken time, and the men feel it very hard to be paying for a lot of rations, and hardly earning anything. We're shearing the sheep very close and clean. You won't have 'em done no otherways. Not like some sheds where a man can 'run' a bit and make up for lost time. Now we've all come to think this, sir, that if we're to go on shearing the sheep well, and to stick to them, and get them done before the dust and grass-seed come in, that you ought to make us some allowance. We know we've agreed for so much a hundred, and all that. Still as the season's turned so out-and-out bad, we hope you'll consider it and make it up to us somehow."

"Never knew a worse year," corroborated Billy May, who thought it indispensable to say something; "haven't made enough, myself, to pay the cook."

This was not strictly true, at any rate, as to Master Billy's own earnings; he being such a remarkably fast shearer (and good withal), that he had always a respectable sum credited to him for his day's work, even when many of the slower men came off short enough.

However, enough had been said to make Mr. Gordon fully comprehend the case. The men were dissatisfied. They had come in a roundabout way to the conclusion that some pecuniary concession, not mentioned in their bond, should come from the side of capital to that of labour. Whether wages, interest of capital, share of profits, reserve fund, they knew not nor cared. This was their stand. And being Englishmen they intended to abide by it.

The manager had considered the situation before it actually arose. He now rapidly took in the remaining points of debate. The shearers had signed a specific agreement for a stipulated rate of payment, irrespective of the weather. By the letter of the law, they had no case. Whether they made little or much profit, was not his affair. But he was a just and kindly man, as well as reasonably politic. They had shorn well, and the weather had been discouraging. He knew too, that an abrupt denial might cause a passive mutiny, if not a strike. If they set themselves to thwart him, it was in their power to shear badly, to shear slowly, and to force him to discharge many of them. He might have them fined, perhaps imprisoned by the police-court. Meanwhile how could shearing go on? Dust and grass-seeds would soon be upon them. He resolved on a compromise, and spoke out at once in a firm and decided tone as the men gathered up yet more closely around him.

"Look here, all of you; you know very well that I'm not bound to find you in fine weather. Still I am aware that the season has been against you; you have shorn pretty well, so far, though I've had to make examples, and am quite ready to make more. What I am willing to do, is this: to every man who works on till the finish and shears to my satisfaction, I will make a fair allowance in the ration account. That is, I will make no charge for the beef. Does that suit you?" There

was a chorus of "All right sir, we're satisfied." "Mr. Gordon always does the fair thing," &c. And work was immediately resumed with alacrity.

The clerk of the weather, too gracious even in these regions as far as the absence of rain is concerned, was steadily propitious. Cloudless skies and a gradually ascending thermometer alone were the signs that spring was changing into summer. The splendid herbage ripened and dried; patches of bare earth began to be discernible amid the late thick-swarded pastures, dust to rise and cloud-pillars of sand to float and eddy,—the desert genii of the Arab. But the work went on at a high rate of speed, outpacing the fast-coming summer; and before any serious disasters arose, the last flock was "on the battens," and, amid ironical congratulations, the "cobbler," or last sheep was seized, and stripped of his rather dense and difficult fleece. In ten minutes the vast wool-shed, lately echoing with the ceaseless click of the shears, the jests, the songs, the oaths of the rude congregation, was silent and deserted. The floors were swept, the pens closed, the sheep on their way to a distant paddock. Not a soul remains about the building but the pressers, who stay to work at the rapidly lessening piles of fleeces in the bins, or a meditative teamster who sits musing on a wool-bale, absorbed in a calculation as to when his load will be made up.

It is sundown, a rather later time of closing than usual, but rendered necessary by the possibility of the "grand finale." The younger men troop over to the hut, larking like schoolboys. Abraham Lawson throws a poncho over his broad shoulders, lights his pipe, and strides along, towering above the rest, erect and stately as a guardsman. Considerably more so than you or I, reader, would have been, had we shorn 180 sheep, as he has done to-day. Billy May has shorn 142, and he puts his hand on the five-foot paling fence of the yard and vaults over it like a deer, preparatory to a swim in the creek. At dinner you will see them all with fresh Crimeans and Jerseys, clean, comfortable, and in grand spirits. Next morning is settling-day. The book-keeping department at Anabanco being severely correct, all is in readiness. Each man's tally or number of sheep shorn has been entered daily to his credit. His private and personal investments at the store have been as duly debited. The shearers, as a corporation, have been charged with the multifarious items of their rather copious mess-bill. This sum total is divided by the number of the shearers, the extract being the amount for which each man is liable. This sum varies in its weekly proportion at different sheds. With an extravagant cook, or cooks, the weekly bill is often alarming. When the men and their functionary study economy it may be kept very reasonably low.

The men have been sitting or standing about the office for half-an-hour when Mr. Jack Bowles rushes out, and shouts "William May." That young person, excessively clean, attired in a quiet tweed suit, with his hair cut very correctly short, advances with an air of calm intrepidity, and

faces Mr. Gordon, now seated at a long table, wearing a judicial expression of countenance.

"Well, May! here's your account:—

So many sheep, at £1 per 100	£	_____
Cook, so many weeks	£	_____
Shearing store account	£	_____
Private store account.....	£	_____
Total	£	_____

"Is the tally of your sheep right? Oh! I daresay it's all right, Mr. Gordon. I made it so and so; about ten less."

"Well, well! ours is correct, no doubt. Now I want to make up a good subscription for the hospital this year. How much will you give? you've done pretty well, I think."

"Put me down a pound, sir."

"Very well, that's fair enough; if every one gives what they can afford, you men will always have a place to go to when you're hurt or laid up. So I put your name down, and you'll see it in the published list. Now about the shearing, May. I consider that you've done your work very well, and behaved very well all through. You're a fast shearer, but you shear closely, and don't knock your sheep about. I therefore do not charge you for any part of your meat-bill, and I pay you at the rate of half-a-crown a hundred for all your sheep, over and above your agreement. Will that do?"

"Very well, indeed, and I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Gordon."

"Well, good-by, May! always call when you're passing, and if any work is going on you'll get your share. Here's your cheque. Send in Lawson." Exit May, in high spirits, having cleared about three pounds per week, during the whole term of shearing, and having lived a far from unpleasant life, indeed akin to that of a fighting cock, from the commencement to the end of that period.

Lawson's interview may be described as having very similar results. He, also, was a first-class shearer, though not so artistic as the gifted Billy. Jack Windsor's saucy blue eyes twinkled merrily as he returned to his companions, and incontinently leaped on the back of his wild-eyed colt. After these three worthies came a shearer named Jacks; he belonged to quite a different class; he could shear very well if he pleased, but had a rooted disbelief that honesty was the best policy, and a fixed determination to shear as many sheep as he could get the manager to pass. By dint of close watching, constant reprimand, and occasional "raddling" (marking badly-shorn sheep and refusing to count them), Mr. Gordon had managed to tone him down to average respectability of execution; still he was always uneasily aware that whenever his eye was not upon him, Jackson was doing what he ought not to do with might and main. He had, indeed, kept him on from sheer necessity, but he intended none the less to mark his opinion of him.

"Come in, Jackson! your tally is so-and-so. Is that right?"

Jackson.—"I suppose so."

"Cook and store account, so much; shearing account so much."

Jackson.—"And a good deal too."

"That is your affair," said Mr. Gordon, sternly enough. "Now look here: you're in my opinion a bad shearer and a bad man. You have given me a great deal of trouble, and I should have kicked you out of the shed weeks ago, if I had not been short of men; I shall make a difference between you and men who have tried to do their best; I make you no allowance of any sort; I pay you by the strict agreement; there's your cheque. Go!"

Jackson goes out with a very black countenance. He mutters with a surly oath that if "he'd known how he was going to be served he'd ha' 'blocked' 'em a little more." He is pretty well believed to have been served right, and he secures no sympathy whatever. Working-men of all classes are shrewd and fair judges generally. If an employer does his best to mete out justice he is always appreciated and supported by the majority. These few instances will serve as a description of the whole process of settling with the shearers. The horses have all been got in. Great catching and saddling-up has taken place all the morning. By the afternoon the whole party are dispersed to the four winds: some, like Abraham Lawson and his friends, to sheds "higher up," in a colder climate, where shearing necessarily commences later. From these they will pass to others, until the last sheep in the mountain runs are shorn. Then those who have not farms of their own betake themselves to reaping. Billy May and Jack Windsor are quite as ready to back themselves against time in the wheat-field as on the shearing-floor. Harvest over, they find their pockets inconveniently full, so they commence to visit their friends and repay themselves for their toils by a tolerably liberal allowance of rest and recreation.

Old Ben and a few choice specimens of the olden time get no further than the nearest public-house. Their cheques are handed to the landlord and a "stupendous and terrible spree" sets in. At the end of a week he informs them that they have received liquor to the amount of their cheques—something over a hundred pounds—save the mark! They meekly acquiesce, as is their custom. The landlord generously presents them with a glass of grog each, and they take the road for the next woolshed.

The shearers being despatched, the sheep-washers, a smaller and less regarded force, file up. They number some forty men. Nothing more than fair bodily strength, willingness and obedience being required in their case, they are more easy to get and to replace than shearers. They are a varied and motley lot. That powerful and rather handsome man is a New Yorker, of Irish parentage. Next to him is a slight, neat, quiet individual. He was a lieutenant in a line regiment. The lad in the rear was a Sandhurst cadet. Then came two navvies and a New Zealander, five

Chinamen, a Frenchman, two Germans, Tin Pot, Jerry, and Wallaby—three aboriginal blacks. There are no invidious distinctions as to caste, colour, or nationality. Every one is a man and a brother at sheep-washing. Wage, one pound per week; wood, water, tents, and food “à la discrétion.” Their accounts are simple: so many weeks, so many pounds; store account, so much; hospital? well, five shillings; cheque, good-morning.

The wool-pressers, the fleece-rollers, the fleece-pickers, the yardsmen, the washers' cooks, the hut cooks, the spare shepherds; all these and a few other supernumeraries inevitable at shearing-time, having been paid off, the snow-storm of cheques which has been fluttering all day comes to an end. Mr. Gordon and the remaining “sous-officiers” go to rest that night with much of the mental strain removed which has been telling on every waking moment for the last two months.

The long train of drays and waggons, with loads varying from twenty to forty-five bales, has been moving off in detachments since the commencement. In a day or two the last of them will have rolled heavily away. The 1,400 bales, averaging three and a half hundredweight, are distributed, slow journeying, along the road, which they mark from afar, standing huge and columnar like guide tumuli, from Anabanco to the waters of the Murray. Between the two points there is neither a hill nor a stone. All is the vast monotonous sea of plain—at this season a prairie-meadow exuberant of vegetation; in the late summer, or in the occasional and dreaded phenomenon of a *dry winter*, dusty, and herbless as a brickfield, for hundreds of miles.

Silence falls on the plains and waters of Anabanco for the next six months. The wool-shed, the wash-pen, and all the huts connected with them, are lone and voiceless as caravanserais in a city of the plague.

A Lady's Encounter with Brigands in Asia Minor.

It was in the spring of the year that, after having spent some months in Constantinople, and thoroughly explored everything of interest appertaining to its neighbourhood, we decided on making an expedition to Broussa, not intending to penetrate further than that town into the interior of Asia Minor. The journey was made per steamer in five hours from Constantinople to Moudaniah, a small port on the Asiatic coast of the Sea of Marmora; and thence another five hours on horseback, through a most beautiful country, brought us to Broussa, lying snugly nestled amongst gardens at the foot of Olympus, the distant views of the snow-clad mountain, as you emerge into the plain of Broussa, being more beautiful than I can find words to describe. We found comfortable, but not luxurious, quarters at the *Hôtel du Mont Olympe*. It is situated on a height overlooking the plain of Broussa, always beautiful, and in early summer especially so, the mulberry-trees, which form a striking feature in the landscape, being in full leaf, and the whole plain a perfect sea of verdure.

I will not weary the reader by attempting to give any description of Broussa, its beautiful mosques, the thoroughly Oriental characteristics of its buildings and inhabitants, the marvellous luxuriance of its vegetation, the forests of magnificent chestnuts, planes, and cypresses with which its plain, as well as the sides of Olympus, are clothed; I will not expatiate on the value of its mineral waters, rushing out at boiling-point from the rocks; nor, though I feel sorely tempted to do so, will I dwell on our ascent of Mount Olympus (the height of which is variously estimated from 8,000 to 10,000 feet), and the glorious and magnificent sunrise which we witnessed from the summit: all these details, as well as many others, having been too often already described. I cannot, however, leave it without mentioning the kindness and hospitality of the British Consul, who had no sooner heard of our intention to extend our journey into the country, than he first endeavoured to persuade us to abandon it, on the score of the depredations that had been lately committed on the persons of unwary travellers by the bands of brigands, headed by the formidable chiefs, Manoli and Lefteri; and, finding this to be useless, placed his services at our disposal, to expedite our departure, and to diminish as much as possible the risks of our contemplated visit to Nicea.

Our object was to travel to Yalova, a small village on the Gulf of Ismid, about 120 miles from Broussa—no great distance, it is true, though we were three days in accomplishing it, owing to the badness of

the roads, and to the fact that it was useless to travel faster than our luggage, all of which had to be carried on ponies. As we left the last hotel behind us at Broussa, it was necessary to procure a firman, which, on being presented to the mudir, or head man of any village, would oblige him to supply us with food and lodging, even though to get this last it might be necessary to eject from their dwellings the unfortunate inhabitants.

The firman, by the aid of the Consul, was furnished to us without any difficulty, as well as two zaptiers or guards, who, though armed to the teeth, carried weapons of such an antiquated sort that I am afraid, had their services been required, they would have proved more ornamental than available. Our troubles were somewhat augmented by the fact that the houses are at that time of the year filled with silkworms, which are not only very disagreeable neighbours of themselves, but which the natives, out of dread of their suffering from "the evil eye," will allow no one to approach.

On the second day we reached Nicea, when one of the ladies of our party showed such evident signs of exhaustion, that, to save her another long day's ride, as well as to avoid the brigands, who, we were informed, mustered in force along the road, we decided on sending on our horses and crossing the lake in a boat to Bazarkuei, which, we were assured by the natives, we could not fail to reach in six hours, even though we had to row the whole way. The transit took twenty hours, however, and had it not been for the wisdom of our dragoman, who had luckily bethought him of bringing the remains of a chicken, we should have had no food; all our eloquence having failed in persuading the boatmen to approach any of the villages on the bank, as they said they were afraid of the boat being fired into by the brigands. To say the truth, however, I felt very much in doubt whether they were not themselves brigands; and as night came on, the intense quiet and loneliness of the place, combined with the knowledge that we had only one revolver wherewith to defend ourselves in case of attack, and that these men had just told us they had lately been released from imprisonment for having given the brigands a passage in the very boat we were in, had such an effect upon me, that I was much too nervous to close my eyes, and felt almost angry with my fellow-travellers for slumbering so peacefully around me. Most thankful was I to arrive next morning at the very respectable farmhouse of Bazarkuei, where, after enjoying under the trees a most excellent breakfast, we bade adieu to the boat, mounted our horses, and the afternoon of the same day arrived, after an intensely hot ride, at Yalova, where we thought we might safely congratulate ourselves on having left all danger behind; but, as the sequel will show, Yalova was after all to prove the field of my first, and, as I hope, last encounter with brigands.

We had accepted the invitation thither of an English gentleman, who, notwithstanding the many difficulties by which he was surrounded, had for some years been trying to develop the resources of a very large estate,

consisting, as I understood, of about 17,000 acres. He had for this purpose, at very great expense, imported some of the latest specimens of agricultural machinery, and had established a good many Scotchmen on the farm; in fact, Yalova at that time might be looked upon as a model farm, and the indefatigable and persevering efforts of our host, in thus endeavouring to supply a want most urgently felt in Turkey, were deserving of all praise.

The house which Mr. S—— occupied on his arrival at Yalova stood in the valley, surrounded by a village; but, in the hope of avoiding the effects of the malaria, very deadly in the melon-season, and in order to be in a position from which he could command a view of the works he had undertaken, he built a most comfortable house on an elevated plateau, overlooking the Sea of Marmora and the Gulf of Ismid; there was, however, one great disadvantage in the site he had chosen, in that it was very isolated, so that attack ensuing, any succour from without was hardly possible.

My fellow-travellers, after having spent a week at Yalova, making daily excursions in the neighbourhood, enjoying the most beautiful mountain and woodland scenery, which, for its wildness and solitude I have never seen surpassed, returned to Constantinople. I, however, being most anxious to complete some sketches which I had commenced, most readily accepted the kind invitation of Mr. S—— to remain a few days longer.

The day after the departure of our friends I was sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. S——, thinking of anything in the world but brigands, and talking over the delightful ride we had had that day, when, at about ten o'clock at night, our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the most violent screams proceeding from downstairs.

The cause of this was immediately made manifest by the English maid rushing breathless into the room, saying that there were robbers trying to break into the house. This did not, however, much disturb the equanimity of my host, who nevertheless went to see what was the matter. It turned out to be a far more serious affair than he had anticipated. He soon returned, bringing with him his cavass, Bairam, and we saw them, after a good deal of whispering at the top of the stairs, examining and loading their arms. In the meantime the knocking and clamouring at the back-door became every moment more violent, and there was no longer any room for doubting the accuracy of the maid's story; for it was evident that the brigands, whom I had, to my great joy, succeeded in avoiding during our travels, were at last upon us.

Our defenders, having completed their preparations, and entreated of us on no account to think of leaving the drawing-room, as our only chance of safety depended upon their being left absolutely unencumbered, went downstairs to meet their assailants. Their injunctions, so far as I was concerned, were needless, as, far from having the slightest idea of facing the enemy, I was perfectly paralysed with fright. Mrs. S——, however, after a little while, the thundering at the door having ceased,

rushed downstairs, declaring she would share her husband's fate, whatever that might be. Throughout all the subsequent events of this dreadful night, this was to me perhaps the most trying moment of all; waiting in breathless expectation of hearing the first shot fired, and feeling that if anything happened to Mr. S—— we two women would be left entirely at the mercy of a band of ruffians disappointed in the hope of plunder, and infuriated by a resistance which I felt beforehand must be useless, there being only two against a band of sixteen well-armed men.

It was, therefore, an immense relief when Mrs. S—— reappeared with the news that her husband, finding that the door was not sufficiently strong to resist their battering long enough to enable him to drive them away by firing from the window, had decided on making no further resistance. He accordingly had admitted them, and it was a mercy that he did so, for we subsequently discovered that a train of gunpowder had been laid, and all preparations made to blow open the door and commit the house to the flames.

Mrs. S—— said that the brigands were sitting in the kitchen talking to her husband, and that, on her appearing at the door, one of them had told her not to be frightened, as, no resistance having been offered, they did not intend to take anybody's life; their only object being to obtain some money, of which they were very much in want. She did not again go downstairs, her husband having desired her on no account to do so; and until the latter appeared, two hours afterwards, we were entirely dependent for information as to what was taking place on the cook, a Greek, who, the moment the house was attacked, had fled from the kitchen, and taken refuge upstairs among us women. This man was so terrified that we had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to go downstairs and listen to the parley going on, which he, speaking Turkish, could alone understand. In this, however, we succeeded at last, he having first taken the precaution of divesting himself of his boots. He informed us that they were bargaining for a sum of money.

The talking was very loud and angry, and we were anticipating the worst, when again there was a lull, and the cook told us they were at supper. This news re-assured us greatly, as we hoped it was a sign that they had come to some arrangement, and that they were feasting and carousing preparatory to leaving the place. But, alas, our hopes were doomed to disappointment, as presently Mr. S—— appeared, in tattered garments, to tell us that, although he had done all he could to prevent them from molesting us, the brigands, being entirely masters of the situation, insisted upon searching the house from top to bottom, under the impression that they would find concealed in it an iron safe full of money.

These words were scarcely out of his mouth when we heard the tramp of their steps on the stairs, and presently we found ourselves face to face with these miscreants; five or six of them rushing into the room, whilst one remained on guard at the door, and some in the passage, to prevent the possibility of our escaping.

In the meantime my courage had risen with the demand made upon it, and I was calm enough to examine with great curiosity our unwelcome visitors. They were dressed in the costume of the country, armed to the teeth, with their guns slung over their shoulders, and a whole arsenal of small-arms in their girdles—a more awful-looking set of scoundrels it is impossible to conceive; the only exception I ought perhaps to make being Lefteri himself, who was rather a fine-looking man, of middle stature, well made, and with not quite such a repulsive-looking countenance as the rest. He was also much better dressed than his companions, having on a blue cloth jacket handsomely braided in black, full red trousers, his head-dress consisting of a fez, with a white turban twisted round it. I remarked that he wore a broad silver band high up on his arm, with an embossed picture set in it of the Madonna; under whose special protection, he afterwards informed us, he considered himself to be.

It was the first time I should think that they had found themselves in a well-furnished room, the appearance of which seemed therefore much to surprise them; and it required some effort on the part of Mr. S—— to prove to them that the piano and harmonium were not money-chests in disguise.

From the drawing-room they proceeded to search Mrs. S——'s bedroom, where they found a rather handsome chest, which she, in her anxiety to get rid of them, was most anxious they should break open, the key not being forthcoming; but this they said would be a pity, as they were in no hurry, and she might take her time to find it. Just at this moment, however, the noise awoke from her slumbers a most intelligent child, who slept in her mother's room, and was immediately able to tell them where to find the key. All their trouble, however, was in vain, for they found nothing in the chest but a Cashmere shawl, with which, in consequence of its bulk, they would not encumber themselves, though they were perfectly aware of its value.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. S—— were engaged with the brigands in one part of the house, I went into another room, where one of the inmates happened at this time to be lying extremely ill. The chief, who was roaming about by himself, suddenly entered, and, turning to me, asked if I could understand Romaic. Mr. S—— then came in, and tapping the chief on the shoulder and calling him his friend, presented him to me as the famous Lefteri, and said I might travel a long way without meeting such a celebrated character; at which he laughed and seemed highly pleased, and again repeated that, as we were Christians, we need not be afraid of him, he did not mean to do us any harm. At the same time he took the opportunity of boasting to Mr. S—— of the number of Turk^s he had exterminated; and, indeed, judging from the reports which had previously reached us at Constantinople of his misdeeds—his latest feat having been to roast two peasants alive—in making this statement he would only seem to have been doing himself justice. He then called his men and went downstairs.

For the second time we breathed freely, thinking we had got rid of our foes ; but again we heard altercations and very angry voices below, and we thought they were going to quarrel amongst themselves, when presently a second lot, if possible still more ruffianly-looking than the first, came upstairs with the object of searching for themselves, as they would not believe the report that their companions had given them of there being no treasure in the house. This time the search was much closer ; they ransacked everything, and succeeded in finding a good many valuable things, such as watches, jewels, and guns ; but they did not take a very expensive breech-loader belonging to Mr. S——, as they said it would be useless to them, from the impossibility of procuring cartridges. There were a few of my things which they would have liked to appropriate, but they abstained when Mr. S—— told them that I was a "Mussafr," or guest, whose property, according to their code of honour, is always held sacred.

Having at last, after spending nearly five hours in the house, satisfied themselves that there was nothing more to be found in it, they wished us good-night and took their departure, Leferi telling them they must now hurry as the day would soon dawn. We were then able, for the first time, to obtain from Mr. S—— a full account of the manner in which they effected an entrance, and of the terms upon which he had got rid of them.

It appeared that to obtain an entry into the house they had picked up on the hills a shepherd in the employ of Mr. S——, blindfolded him, and, under the threat of shooting him at once if he either gave the alarm or refused to accompany them, succeeded in dragging rather than leading him to the house. On their arrival at the door they made this man, who was well known to the servants, knock, and plead in urgent language for admittance.

At first the bait took, and Bairam, the cavass, without any hesitation opened the door, but as speedily reclosed it when he saw the people by whom the shepherd was accompanied. For this reason the brigands did not feel quite sure that they might not be falling into an ambuscade, and therefore their first step on obtaining admittance, as I have described, was to lay hands on Mr. S—— and the cavass ; in the scuffle the coat of the former being torn to shreds. Their first demand was for 1,000*l.*, and on Mr. S—— telling them that he had not such a sum in his possession, they replied that he must immediately prepare to accompany them to their mountain retreat. He was not even to be allowed to bid farewell to his wife, but was to leave on the kitchen-table a written document stating that his life depended on her raising the stipulated sum with the least possible delay.

Mr. S—— immediately professed his readiness to accompany them, but, at the same time, told them that his doing so would, probably, have precisely the opposite result to what they seemed to expect, as though it was true that he himself might possibly raise, if not 1,000*l.*, perhaps half that sum, nobody but himself could do so. The unhesitating and decisive

manner in which he expressed this opinion had such an effect on his visitors that Mr. S——, seeing them inclined to waver, proposed that they should discuss the matter over supper. This proposal was willingly accepted, but, though they attacked very readily the food laid before them, they declined to taste any wine until Mr. S—— had disarmed their suspicions by himself drinking a glass. It is, of course, needless to say that they had no ground whatever for their suspicions, and his only reason for having proposed the supper was the hope that he might find them more amenable to his arguments under the influence of good cheer. In this hope he was not disappointed, for, after considerable difficulty and discussion—which was at times so angry and loud as to be distinctly heard by us in the drawing-room—he succeeded in persuading them to abate their demands, and to be satisfied with his written promise to them of a certain sum of money to be paid by him within a month, at a meeting which was arranged to take place on the hills.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the able manner in which Mr. S—— had conducted his negotiations with these brigands; and it is to the tact and temper which he displayed, and to the thorough knowledge of their character, as well as of their language, which he possessed, that this result is to be attributed.

This, so far as I was concerned, freed me from all danger and inconvenience; but I felt very grieved for my host, whose losses were not, I am sorry to say, to be measured by the money which he had promised to pay these brigands; for he had now to decide whether he could reasonably hope, by paying them this black mail, to be free from their exactions hereafter, or whether his doing so would not, perhaps, be an encouragement to them to repeat their visit. Mr. S—— himself was most anxious to pay the money, feeling in honour bound to do so; but the story spread, and on reaching the ears of the Turkish authorities at Constantinople they peremptorily forbade his doing so, and undertook to defend his farm, sending a detachment of troops for that purpose to Yalova. This obliged Mr. S—— to increase the resisting powers of his house, and he succeeded so effectually that they did not venture again to attack it. His pleasure, however, was gone, as he was no longer ever again able to extend his rambles beyond the actual limit of his farm; and thus, without suffering any pecuniary loss, his happiness and peace were destroyed, from the feeling that his life was never safe.

The band of brigands, however, I am happy to say, must have bitterly regretted not confining their attacks to those who were not able to appeal to the powerful protection of the British ambassador; as the Turkish Government, after the attack on Yalova, pursued them with such vigour, that their band was gradually broken up. Within a year, Lefteri was himself murdered by his only two remaining companions, and his body, as I was informed, sent, for the sake of the reward, to the Pasha of Nicomedia; the written promise to pay of Mr. S—— having been found on it.

I may, perhaps, add, as a curious trait in Lefteri's character, the following anecdote, the authenticity of which I can guarantee, it having been told me by the American missionary who acted the principal part in it. He was travelling in the same district we had traversed when he was one day stopped on the road by Lefteri, who desired him to give up all the money he had about him and to unpack his boxes, in order that he might see what they contained. The missionary's reply was, that as for money he had little or none, being nothing but a "Kitabdji" or seller of books, and that his boxes contained nothing but Bibles.

Lefteri, having satisfied himself by a personal inspection of the truth of this statement, asked him if amongst the Bibles there was one which he could read? upon which our friend was about to make him a present of one in the Turkish language written in Greek characters. Lefteri, however, insisted upon paying the price for it, which was seven piastres, saying, as he did so, that he had waylaid and stopped him, fully expecting to get some money out of him, instead of which he (the missionary) would have profited by their encounter.

The most singular part of my story has now to come, as it proves that Lefteri made use of his purchase. One of his band having been some time subsequently executed by the Turks in consequence of evidence furnished to them by a villager, Lefteri succeeded with great difficulty in decoying the informant out of the village with the intention of revenging this act of treachery. Producing this very Bible, Lefteri pointed out the well-known text, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

"You see," said he, "that as you have caused the death of my comrade, I should, according to this Book, have a perfect right to take your life; but not only is it not my practice to do this unnecessarily, but I wish you, for the rest of your days, to be a living example to your fellow-villagers of the danger they run in betraying any of my people. I shall therefore limit myself to cutting off your hand." This he accordingly did, and sent him back to his village.

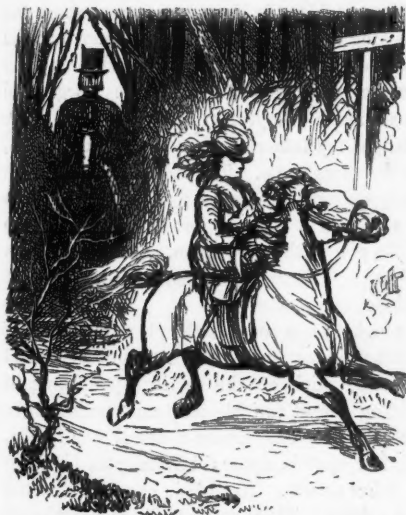


HE HAD LAID A GUITAR ON HIS KNEES, AND FLIPPED A STRING.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY FATHER BREATHES, MOVES, AND SPEAKS.



THE people broke away from us like furrowed water as we advanced on each side of the ropes towards the margravine's carriage.

I became a perfectly mechanical creature : incapable of observing, just capable of taking an impression here and there ; and in such cases the impressions that come are stamped on hot wax ; they keep the scene fresh ; they partly pervert it as well. Temple's version is, I am sure, the truer historical picture. He, however, could never repeat it twice exactly alike, whereas I failed not to

render image for image in clear succession as they had struck me at the time. I could perceive that the figure of the Prince Albrecht, in its stiff condition, was debarred from vaulting, or striding, or stooping, so that the ropes were a barrier between us. I saw the little Princess Ottilia eyeing us with an absorbed comprehensive air quite unlike the manner of a child. Dots of heads, curious faces, peering and starting eyes, met my vision. I heard sharp talk in German, and a rider flung his arm, as if he wished to crash the universe, and flew off. The margravine seemed to me more an implacable parrot than a noble lady. I thought to myself : This is my father, and I am not overjoyed or grateful. In the same way I felt that the daylight was bronze, and I did not wonder at it : nay, I reasoned on the probability of a composition of sun and mould producing that colour. The truth was, the powers of my heart and will were frozen ; I thought and felt at random. And I crave excuses for dwelling on such trifling phenomena of the sensations which have been

useful to me by helping me to realize the scene, even as at the time they obscured it.

According to Temple's description, when the statue moved its head towards him, a shudder went through the crowd, and a number of fore-fingers were levelled at it, and the head moved towards me, marked of them all. Its voice was answered by a dull puling scream from women; and the men gaped. When it descended from the saddle, the act was not performed with one bound, as I fancied, but difficultly; and it walked up to me like a figure dragging logs at its heels. Half-a-dozen workmen ran to arrest it; some townswomen fainted. There was a heavy altercation in German between the statue and the superintendent of the arrangements. The sun shone brilliantly on our march to the line of carriages, where the Prince of Eppenwelen was talking to the margravine in a fury, and he dashed away on his horse, after bellowing certain directions to his foresters and the workmen, by whom we were surrounded; while the margravine talked loudly and amiably, as though everything had gone well. Her watch was out. She acknowledged my father's bow, and overlooked him. She seemed to have made her courtiers smile. The ladies and gentlemen obeyed the wave of her hand by quitting the ground; the band headed a long line of the commoner sort, and a body of foresters gathered the remnants and joined them to the rear of the procession. A liveried groom led away Temple's horse, and mine. Temple declared he could not sit after seeing the statue descend from its pedestal.

Her highness's behaviour roughened as soon as the place was clear of company. She spoke at my father impetuously, with manifest scorn and reproach, struck her silver-mounted stick on the carriage panels, again and again stamped her foot, lifting a most variable emphatic countenance. Princess Ottilia tried to intercede. The margravine clenched her hands, and, to one not understanding her speech, appeared literally to blow the little lady off with the breath of her mouth. Her whole bearing consisted of volleys of abuse, closed by magisterial interrogations. Temple compared her highness's language to the running out of Captain Welsh's chain-cable, and my father's replies to the hauling in: his sentences were short, they sounded like manful protestations; I barely noticed them. Temple's version of it went: "And there was your father apologizing, and the margravine rating him," &c. My father, as it happened, was careful not to open his lips wide on account of the plaster, or thick coating of paint on his face. No one would have supposed that he was burning with indignation; the fact being that, to give vent to it, he would have had to exercise his muscular strength; he was plastered and painted from head to foot. The fixture of his wig and hat, too, constrained his skin, so that his looks were no index of his feelings. I longed gloomily for the moment to come when he would present himself to me in his natural form. He was not sensible of the touch of my hand, nor I of his. There we had to stand until the voluble portion of the margravine's anger came to an end. She shut her eyes and bowed curtly to our salute.

"You have seen the last of me, madam," my father said to her whirling carriage-wheels.

He tried to shake, and strained in his ponderous garments. Temple gazed abashed. I knew not how to act. My father kept lifting his knees on the spot as if practising a walk.

The tent was in its old place covering the bronze horse. A workman stepped ahead of us, and we all went at a strange leisurely pace down the hill through tall pine-trees to where a closed vehicle awaited us. Here were also a couple of lackeys, who deposited my father on a bed of moss, and with much effort pulled his huge boots off, leaving him in red silk stockings. Temple and I snatched his gauntlets; Temple fell backward, but we had no thought of laughter; people were seen approaching, and the three of us jumped into the carriage. I had my father's living hand in mine to squeeze; feeling him scarcely yet the living man I had sought, and with no great warmth of feeling. His hand was very moist. Often I said, "Dear father!" "Papa, I'm so glad at last," in answer to his short-breathed "Richie, my little lad, my son Richmond! You found me out; you found me!" We were conscious that his thick case of varnished clothing was against us. One would have fancied from his way of speaking, that he suffered from asthma. I was now gifted with a tenfold power of observation, and let nothing escape me.

Temple sitting opposite grinned cheerfully at times to encourage our spirits; he had not recovered from his wonderment, nor had I introduced him. My father, however, had caught his name. Temple (who might as well have talked, I thought,) was perpetually stealing secret glances of abstracted perusal at him with a pair of round infant's eyes, sucking his reflections the while. My father broke our silence.

"Mr. Temple, I have the honour," he said, as if about to cough; "the honour of making your acquaintance; I fear you must surrender the hope of making mine at present."

Temple started and reddened like a little fellow detected in straying from his spelling-book, which was the window-frame. In a minute or so the fascination proved too strong for him; his eyes wandered from the window and he renewed his shy inspection bit by bit as if casting up a column of figures.

"Yes, Mr. Temple, we are in high Germany," says my father.

It must have cost Temple cruel pain, for he was a thoroughly gentlemanly boy, and he could not resist it. Finally he surprised himself in his stealthy reckoning: arrived at the full-breech or buttoned waistband, about half-way up his ascent from the red silk stocking, he would pause and blink rapidly, sometimes jump and cough.

To put him at his ease my father exclaimed, "As to this exterior," he knocked his knuckles on the heaving hard surface, "I can only affirm that it was, on horseback—ahem!—particularly as the horse betrayed no restivity, pronounced perfect! The sole complaint of our interior concerns the resemblance we bear to a lobster. Human somewhere, I do believe

myself to be. I shall have to be relieved of my shell before I can at all satisfactorily proclaim the fact. I am a human being, believe me."

He begged permission to take breath a minute.

"I know you for my son's friend, Mr. Temple: here is my son, my boy, Harry Lepel Richmond Roy. Have patience: I shall presently stand unshelled. I have much to relate; you likewise have your narrative in store. That you should have lit on me at the critical instant is one of those miracles which combine to produce overwhelming testimony—ay, Richie! without a doubt there is a hand directing our destiny." His speaking in such a strain, out of pure kindness to Temple, huskily, with his painful attempt to talk like himself, revived his image as the father of my heart and dreams, and stirred my torpid affection, though it was still torpid enough, as may be imagined, when I state that I remained plunged in contemplation of his stocking of red silk emerging from the full bronzed breech, considering whether his comparison of himself to a shell-fish might not be a really just one. We neither of us regained our true natures until he was free of every vestige of the garb of Prince Albrecht Wohlgenuth. Attendants were awaiting him at the garden-gate of a beautiful villa partly girdled by rising firwoods on its footing of bright green meadow. They led him away, and us to bath-rooms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE PASS A DELIGHTFUL EVENING, AND I HAVE A MORNING VISION.

IN a long saloon ornamented with stags' horns and instruments of the chase, tusks of boars, spear-staves, boar-knives, and silver horns, my father, I, and Temple sat down to a memorable breakfast, my father in his true form dressed in black silken jacket and knee-breeches, purple-stockings and pumps; without a wig, I thanked heaven to see. How blithely he flung out his limbs and heaved his chest released from confinement! His face was stained brownish, but we drank old Rhine wine, and had no eye for appearances.

"So you could bear it no longer, Richie?" My father interrupted the narrative I doled out, anxious for his, and he began, and I interrupted him.

"You did think of me often, papa, didn't you?"

His eyes brimmed with tenderness.

"Think of you!" he sighed.

I gave him the account of my latest adventures in a few panting breaths, suppressing the Bench. He set my face to front him.

"We are two fools, Mr. Temple," he said.

"No, sir," said Temple.

"Now you speak, papa," said I.

He smiled warmly.

"Richie begins to remember me."

I gazed at him to show it was true.

"I do, papa—I'm not beginning to."

At his request I finished the tale of my life at school.

"Ah, well! that was bad fortune; this is good!" he exclaimed.

"'Tis your father, my son: 'tis daylight, though you look at it through a bed-curtain, and think you are half-dreaming. Now then for me, Richie."

My father went on in this wise excitedly:

"I was laying the foundation of your fortune here, my boy. Heavens! when I was in that bronze shell I was astonished only at my continence in not bursting. You have grown,—you have shot up and filled out. I register my thanks to your grandfather Beltham;—the same, in a minor degree, to Captain Jasper Welsh. Between that man Rippenger and me there shall be dealings. He flogged you: let that pass. He exposed you to the contempt of your schoolfellows because of a breach in my correspondence with a base-born ferule-swinger. What are we coming to? Richie, my son, I was building a future for you here. And Colonel Goodwin—Colonel Goodwin, you encountered him too, and his marriageable daughter—I owe it to them that I have you here! Well, in the event of my sitting out the period this morning as the presentation of Prince Albrecht, I was to have won something would have astonished that unimpressible countryman of ours. Goodness gracious, my boy! when I heard your English shout, it went to my marrow. Could they expect me to look down on my own flesh and blood, on my son—my son Richmond—after a separation of years, and continue a statue? Nay, I followed my paternal impulse. Grant that the show was spoilt, does the Markgräfin insist on my having a bronze heart to carry on her pastime? Why, naturally, I deplore a failure, let the cause be what it will. Whose regrets can eclipse those of the principal actor? Quotha! as our old plays have it. Regrets? Did I not for fifteen minutes and more of mortal time sit in view of a multitude, motionless, I ask you, like a chiselled block of stone,—and the compact was one quarter of an hour, and no farther? That was my stipulation. I told her—I can hold out one quarter of an hour: I pledge myself to it. Who, then, is to blame? I was exposed to view twenty-three minutes, odd seconds. Is there not some ancient story of a monstrous wretch baked in his own bull? My situation was as bad. If I recollect aright, he could roar; no such relief was allowed to me. And I give you my word, Richie, lads both, that while that most infernal Count Fretzel was pouring forth his execrable humdrum, I positively envied the privilege of an old palsied fellow, chief boatman of the forest lake, for, thinks I, hang him! he can nod his head and I can not. Let me assure you, twenty minutes of an ordeal like that,—one posture, mind you, no raising of your eyelids, taking your breath mechanically, and your heart beating,—jumping like an enraged ballet-dancer boxed in your bosom—a literal description, upon my honour; and not only jumping, jumping every now

and then, I may say, with a toe in your throat :—I was half-choked. Well, I say, twenty minutes, twenty-seven minutes and a half of that, getting on, in fact, to half-an-hour, it is superhuman !—by heavens, it is heroic ! And observe my reward : I have a son—my only one. I have been divided from him for years ; I am establishing his fortune ; I know he is provided with comforts :—Richie, you remember the woman Waddy ? A faithful soul ! She obtained my consent at last—previously I had objections ; in fact, your address was withheld from the woman—to call at your school. She saw Miss Rippenger, a girl of considerable attractions. She heard you were located at Riversley :—I say, I know the boy is comfortably provided for ; but we have been separated since he was a little creature with curls on his forehead, scarce breeched——”

I protested :

“ Papa, I had been in jacket and trousers I don't know how long.”

“ Let me pursue,” said my father. “ And to show you, Richie, it is a golden age ever when you and I are together, and ever shall be till we lose our manly spirit,—and we cling to that,—till we lose our princely spirit, which we never will abandon—perish rather !—I drink to you, and challenge you ; and, mind you, old hock wine has charms. If burgundy is the emperor of wines, hock is the empress. For youngsters, perhaps, I should except the hock that gets what they would fancy a trifle *piqué*, turned with age, so as to lose in their opinion its empress flavour.”

Temple said modestly : “ I should call that the margravine of wines.”

My father beamed on him with great approving splendour. “ Join us, Mr. Temple ; you are a man of wit, and may possibly find this specimen worthy of you. This wine has a history. You are drinking wine with blood in it. Well, I was saying, the darling of my heart has been torn from me ; I am in a foreign land ; foreign, that is, by birth, and on the whole foreign. Yes !—I am the cynosure of eyes ; I am in a singular posture, a singular situation ; I hear a cry in the tongue of my native land, and what I presume is my boy's name : I look, I behold him, I follow a parent's impulse. On my soul ! none but a fish-father could have stood against it. Well, for this my reward is—and I should have stepped from a cathedral spire just the same, if I had been mounted on it—that I, I,—and the woman knows all my secret—I have to submit to the foul tirade of a vixen. She drew language, I protest, from the slums. And I entreat you, Mr. Temple, with your ‘ margravine of wines ’—which was very neatly said, to be sure—note you this curious point for the confusion of Radicals in your after life ; her highness's pleasure was to lend her tongue to the language—or something like it—of a besotted fish-wife ; so ! very well, and just as it is the case with that particular old hock you youngsters would disapprove of, and we cunning oldsters know to contain more virtues in maturity than a nunnery of May-blooming virgins, just so the very faults of a royal lady—royal by birth and in temper a termagant—impart a perfume ! a flavour ! You must age, you must live in Courts, you must sound the human bosom, rightly to appre-

ciate it. She is a woman of the most malicious fine wit imaginable. She is a generous woman, a magnanimous woman; wear her chains and she will not brain you with her club. She is the light, the centre of every society where she appears, like what shall I say? like the moon in a bowl of old Rhenish. And you will drain that bowl to the bottom to seize her, as it were—catch a correct idea of her; ay, and your brains are drowned in the attempt. Yes, Richie; I was aware of your residence at Riversley. Were you reminded of your wandering dada on Valentine's day? Come, my boy, we have each of us a thousand things to relate. I may be dull—I do not understand what started you on your journey in search of me. An impulse? An accident? Say, a directing angel! We rest our legs here till evening, and then we sup. You will be astonished to hear that you have dined. 'Tis the fashion with the Germans. I promise you good wine shall make it up to you for the return to school-habits. We sup, and we pack our scanty baggage, and we start to-night. Brook no insult at Courts if you are of material value: if not, it is unreservedly a question whether you like kickings."

My father paused, yawned and stretched, to be rid of the remainder of his aches and stiffness. Out of a great yawn he said:

"Dear lads, I have fallen into the custom of the country; I crave your permission that I may smoke. Wander, if you choose, within hail of me, or sit by me, if you can bear it, and talk of your school-life, and your studies. Your Aunt Dorothy, Richie? She is well? I know not her like. I could bear to hear of any misfortune but that she suffered pain!"

My father smoked his cigar peacefully. He had laid a guitar on his knees, and flipped a string, or chafed over all the strings, and plucked and thrummed them as his mood varied. We chatted, and watched the going down of the sun, and amused ourselves idly, fermenting as we were. Anything that gave pleasure to us two boys pleased and at once occupied my father. It was without aid from Temple's growing admiration of him that I recovered my active belief and vivid delight in his presence. My younger days sprang up beside me like brothers. No one talked, looked, flashed, frowned, beamed, as he did! had such prompt liveliness as he! such tenderness! No one was ever so versatile in playfulness. He took the colour of the spirits of the people about him. His vivacious or sedate man-of-the-world tone shifted to playfellow's fun in a twinkling. I used as a little fellow to think him larger than he really was, but he was of good size, inclining to be stout; his eyes were grey, rather prominent, and his forehead sloped from arched eyebrows. So conversational were his eyes and brows that he could persuade you to imagine he was carrying on a dialogue without opening his mouth. His voice was charmingly clear; his laughter confident, fresh, catching, the outburst of his very self, as laughter should be. Other sounds of laughter were like echoes.

Strange to say, I lost the links of my familiarity with him when he left us on a short visit to his trunks and portmanteaux, and had to lean

on Temple, who tickled but rejoiced me by saying: "Richie, your father is just the one I should like to be secretary to."

We thought it a pity to have to leave this nice foreign place immediately. I liked the scenery, and the wine, and what I supposed to be the habit of the gentlemen here to dress in silks. On my father's return to us I asked him if we could not stay till morning.

"Till morning, then," he said; "and to England with the first lark."

His complexion was ruddier; his valet had been at work to restore it; he was getting the sanguine hue which coloured my recollection of him. Wearing a black velvet cap and a Spanish furred cloak, he led us over the villa. In Sarkeld he resided at the palace, and generally at the lake-palace on the removal of the court thither. The margravine had placed the villa, which was her own property, at his disposal, the better to work out their conspiracy.

"It would have been mine!" said my father, bending suddenly to my ear, and humming his philosophical "heigho," as he stepped on in minuet fashion. We went through apartments rich with gilded oak and pine panellings: in one was a rough pattern of a wooden horse, opposite a mirror; by no means the figure of a horse, but apparently a number of pieces contributed by a carpenter's workshop, having a rueful seat in the middle. My father had practised the attitude of Prince Albrecht Wohlgemuth on it. "She timed me five and twenty minutes there only yesterday," he said; and he now supposed he had sat the bronze horse as a statue in public view exactly thirty-seven minutes and a quarter. Tubs full of colouring liquid to soak the garments of the prince, pots of paint, and paint and plaster brushes, hinted the magnitude of the preparations.

"Here," said my father in another apartment, "I was this morning apparelled at seven o'clock; and I would have staked my right arm up to the collar-bone on the success of the undertaking!"

"Weren't they sure to have found it out in the end, papa?" I inquired.

"I am not so certain of that," he rejoined; "I cannot quaff consolation from that source. I should have been covered up after exhibition; I should have been pronounced imperfect in my fitting-apparatus; the sculptor would have claimed me, and I should have been enjoying the fruits of a brave and harmless conspiracy to do honour to an illustrious prince, while he would have been moulding and casting an indubitable bronze statue in my image. A fig for rumours! We show ourself; we are caught from sight; we are again on show. Now this being successfully done, do you see, royalty declines to listen to vulgar tattle. Presumably, Richie, it was suspected by the Court that the margravine had many months ago commanded the statue at her own cost, and had set her mind on winning back the money. The wonder of it was my magnificent resemblance to the defunct. I sat some three hours before the old warrior's portraits in the dining-saloon of the lake palace. Accord me one good spell of meditation over a tolerable sketch, I warrant myself to represent him to the life, provided that he was a personage; I incline to

stipulate for handsome as well. On my word of honour as a man and a gentleman, I pity the margravine—my poor good Frau Feldmarschall! Now, here, Richie"—my father opened a side-door out of an elegant little room into a spacious dark place—"here is her cabinet-theatre, where we act German and French comediettas in spring and autumn. I have superintended it during the two or more years of my stay at the Court. Humph! 'tis over."

He abruptly closed the door. His dress belonged to the part of a Spanish nobleman, personated by him in a play called *The Hidalgo Enraged*, he said, pointing a thumb over his shoulder at the melancholy door, behind which gay scenes had sparkled.

"Papa!" said I sadly, for consolation.

"You're change for a sovereign to the amount of four hundred and forty-nine thousand shillings every time you speak!" cried he, kissing my forehead.

He sparkled in good earnest on hearing that I had made acquaintance with the little Princess Ottilia. What I thought of her, how she looked at me, what I said to her, what words she answered, how the acquaintance began, who were observers of it,—I had to repair my omission to mention her by furnishing a precise description of the circumstances, describing her face and style, repeating her pretty English.

My father nodded: he thought I exaggerated that foreign English of hers; but, as I said, I was new to it and noticed it. He admitted the greater keenness of attention awakened by novelty. "Only," said he, "I rather wonder—" and here he smiled at me inquiringly. "'Tis true," he added, "a boy of fourteen or fifteen—ay, Richie, have your fun out. A youngster saw the comic side of her—. Do you know, that child has a remarkable character? Her disposition is totally unfathomable. You are a deep reader of English poetry, I hope; she adores it, and the English navy. She informed me that if she had been the English people she would have made Nelson king. The royal family of England might see objections to that, I told her. Cries she: 'Oh! anything for a sea-hero.' You will find these young princes and princesses astonishingly revolutionary when they entertain brains. Now at present, just at present, an English naval officer, and a poet, stand higher in the esteem of that young Princess Ottilia than dukes, kings, or emperors. So you have seen her!" my father ejaculated musingly, and hummed, and said, "By the way, we must be careful not to offend our grandpapa Beltham, Richie. Good acres—good anchorage; good coffers—good harbourage. Regarding poetry, my dear boy, you ought to be writing it, for I do—the diversion of leisure hours, impromptus. In poetry I would scorn anything but impromptus. I was saying, Richie, that if tremendous misfortune withholds from you your legitimate prestige, you must have the substantial element. 'Tis your spring-board to vault by, and cushions on the other side if you make a miss and fall. 'Tis the essence if you have not the odour."

I followed my father's meaning as the shadow of a bird follows it in sunlight; it made no stronger an impression than a flying shadow on the grass; still I could verify subsequently that I had penetrated him—I had caught the outline of his meaning—though I was little accustomed to his manner of communicating his ideas; I had no notion of what he touched on with the words, prestige, essence, and odour.

My efforts to gather the reason for his having left me neglected at school were fruitless. "Business, business! sad necessity! hurry, worry—the hounds!" was his nearest approach to an explicit answer; and seeing I grieved his kind eyes, I abstained. Nor did I like to defend Mr. Rippenger for expecting to be paid. We came to that point once or twice, when so sharply wronged did he appear, and vehement and indignant, that I banished thoughts which marred my luxurious contentment in hearing him talk and sing, and behave in his old ways and new habits. Plain velvet was his dress at dinner. We had a yellow hock. Temple's meditative face over it, to discover the margravine, or something, in its flavour, was a picture. It was an evening of incessant talking; no telling of events straightforwardly, but all by fits—all here and there. My father talked of Turkey, so I learnt he had been in that country; Temple of the routine of our life at Riversley; I of Kiomi, the gipsy girl; then we two of Captain Jasper Welsh; my father of the Princess Ottilia. When I alluded to the margravine, he had a word to say of Mrs. Waddy; so I learnt she had been in continual correspondence with him, and had cried heavily about me, poor soul. Temple laughed out a recollection of Captain Bulsted's "hic, hæc, hoc;" I jumped Janet Ilchester up on the table; my father expatiated on the comfort of a volume of Shakspeare to an exiled Englishman. We drank to one another, and heartily to the statue. My father related the history of the margravine's plot in duck-and-drake skips, and backward to his first introduction to her at some Austrian baths among the mountains. She wanted amusement, he provided it; she never let him quit her sight from that moment. "And now," he said, "she has lost me!" He drew out of his pocket-book a number of designs for the statue of Prince Albrecht, to which the margravine's initials were appended, and shuffled them, and sighed, and said:—"Most complete arrangements! most complete! No body of men were ever so well drilled as those fellows up at Bella Vista—could not have been! And at the climax in steps the darling boy for whom I laboured and sweated, and down we topple incontinently! Nothing would have shaken me but the apparition of my son! I was proof against everything but that! I sat invincible for close upon an hour—call it an hour! Not a muscle of me moved: I repeat, the heart in my bosom capered like an independent organ; had it all its own way, leaving me mine, until—Mr. Temple, take my word for it, there is a guiding hand in some families; believe it and be serene in adversity. The change of life at a merry Court to life in a London alley will exercise our faith. But the essential thing is that Richie has been introduced here, and

I intend him to play a part here. The grandson and heir of one of the richest commoners in England—I am not saying commoner as a term of reproach—possessed of a property that turns itself over and doubles itself every ten years, may—mind you, may—on such a solid foundation as that!—and as to birth, your highness has only to grant us a private interview.”

Temple was dazed by this mystifying address to him; nor could I understand it.

“Why, papa, you always wished for me to go into Parliament,” said I.

“I do,” he replied, “and I wish you to lead the London great world. Such topics are for by-and-by. Adieu to them!” He kissed his wafting finger-tips.

We fell upon our random talk again with a merry rattle.

I had to give him a specimen of my piano-playing and singing.

He shook his head. “The cricketer and the scholar have been developed at the expense of the musician; and music, Richie, music unlocks the chamber of satin-rose.”

Late at night we separated. Temple and I slept in companion-rooms. Dead-drowsy, the dear little fellow sat on the edge of my bed chattering of his wonder. My dreams led me wandering with a ship’s diver under the sea, where we walked in a light of pearls and exploded old wrecks. I was assuring the glassy man that it was almost as clear beneath the waves as above, when I awoke to see my father standing over me in daylight; and in an ecstasy, I burst into sobs.

“Here, Richie”—he pressed fresh violets on my nostrils—“you have had a morning visitor. Quick out of bed, and you will see the little fairy crossing the meadow.”

I leapt to the window in time to have in view the little Princess Ottilia, followed by her faithful gaunt groom, before she was lost in the shadow of the fir-trees.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR RETURN HOMEWARD.

We started for England at noon, much against my secret wishes; but my father would not afford the margravine time to repent of her violent language and injustice towards him. Reflection increased his indignation. Anything that went wrong on the first stages of the journey caused him to recapitulate her epithets and reply to them proudly. He confided to me in Cologne Cathedral that the entire course of his life was a grand plot, resembling an unfinished piece of architecture, which might, at a future day, prove the wonder of the world; and he had, therefore, packed two dozen of hoar old (*walt*: he used comical German) hock for a present to my grandfather Beltham, in the hope of its being found acceptable.

“For, Richie,” said he, “you may not know—and it is not to win your thanks I inform you of it—that I labour unremittingly in my son’s interests.

I have established him, on his majority, in Germany, at a Court. My object now is to establish him in England. Promise me that it shall be the decided endeavour of your energies and talents to rise to the height I point out to you? You promise, I perceive," he added, sharp in detecting the unpleasant predicament of a boy who is asked to speak 'priggishly'. So then I could easily promise with a firm voice. He dropped certain explosive hints, which reminded me of the funny ideas of my state and greatness I had when a child. I shrugged at them: I cared nothing for revelations to come by-and-by. My object was to unite my father and grandfather on terms of friendship. This was the view that now absorbed and fixed my mind. To have him a frequent visitor at Riversley, if not a resident in the house, enlivening them all, while I, perhaps, trifled a cavalry sabre, became one of my settled dreams. The difficult part of the scheme appeared to me the obtaining of my father's consent. I mentioned it, and he said immediately that he must have his freedom. "Now, for instance," said he, "what is my desire at this moment? I have always a big one perched on a rock in the distance; but I speak of my present desire. And let it be supposed that the squire is one of us: we are returning to England. Well, I want to show you a stork's nest. We are not far enough south for the stork to build here. It is a fact, Richie, that I do want to show you the bird for luck, and as a feature of the country. And in me, a desire to do a thing partakes of the impetus of steam. Well, you see we are jogging home to England. I resist myself for duty's sake: that I can do. But if the squire were here with his yea and his nay, by heavens! I should be off to the top of the Rhine like a tornado. I submit to circumstances: I cannot, and I will not, be dictated to by men."

"That seems to me rather unreasonable," I remonstrated.

"It is; I am ashamed of it," he answered. "Do as you will, Richie; set me down at Riversley, but under no slight, mark you. I keep my honour intact, like a bottled cordial; my unfailing comfort in adversity! I hand it to you, my son, on my death-bed, and say, 'You have there the essence of my life. Never has it been known of me that I swallowed an insult.'"

"Then, papa, I shall have a talk with the squire."

"Make good your ground in the castle," said he. "I string a guitar outside. You toss me a key from the walls. If there is room, and I have leisure, I enter. If not, you know I am paving your way in other quarters. Riversley, my boy, is an excellent foothold and fortress: Riversley is not the world. At Riversley I should have to wear a double face, and, egad! a double stomach-bag, like young Jack feeding with the giant—one full of ambition, the other of provender. That place is our touchstone to discover whether we have prudence. We have, I hope. And we will have, Mr. Temple, a pleasant day or two in Paris."

It was his habit to turn off the bent of these conversations by drawing Temple into them. Temple declared there was no feeling we were in a

foreign country while he was our companion. We simply enjoyed strange scenes, looking idly out of our windows. Our recollection of the strangest scene ever witnessed filled us with I know not what scornful pleasure, and laughed in the background at any sight or marvel pretending to amuse us. Temple and I cantered over the great Belgian battle-field, talking of Bella Vista tower, the statue, the margravine, our sour milk and black-bread breakfast, the little Princess Ottilia, with her "It is my question," and "You were kind to my lambs, sir," thoughtless of glory and dead bones. My father was very differently impressed. He was in an exultant glow, far outmatching the bloom on our faces when we rejoined him. I cried,—

"Papa, if the prince won't pay for a real statue, I will, and I'll present it in your name!"

"To the nation?" cried he, staring, and arresting his arm in what seemed an orchestral movement.

"To the margravine!"

He heard, but had to gather his memory. He had been fighting the battle, and made light of Bella Vista. I found that incidents over which a day or two had rolled lost their features to him. He never smiled at recollections. If they were forced on him noisily by persons he liked, perhaps his face was gay, but only for a moment. The gaiety of his nature drew itself from hot-springs of hopefulness: our arrival in England, our interviews there, my majority burgundy, my revisitation of Germany—these events to come gave him the aspect children wear out a-maying or in an orchard. He discussed the circumstances connected with the statue as dry matter-of-fact, and unless it was his duty to be hilarious at the dinner-table, he was hardly able to respond to a call on his past life and mine. His future, too, was present tense: "We do this," not "we will do this;" so that, generally, no sooner did we speak of an anticipated scene than he was acting in it. I studied him eagerly, I know, and yet quite unconsciously, and I came to no conclusions. Boys are always putting down the ciphers of their observations of people beloved by them, but do not add up a sum total.

Our journey home occupied nearly eleven weeks, owing to stress of money on two occasions. In Brussels I beheld him with a little beggar-girl in his arms.

"She has asked me for a copper coin, Richie," he said, squeezing her fat cheeks to make cherries of her lips.

I recommended him to give her a silver one.

"Something, Richie, I must give the little wench, for I have kissed her, and, in my list of equivalents, gold would be the sole form of repayment after that. You must buy me off with honour, my boy."

I was compelled to receive a dab from the child's nose, by way of kiss, in return for buying him off with honour.

The child stumped away on the pavement fronting our hotel, staring at its fist that held the treasure.

"Poor pet wee drab of it!" exclaimed my father. "One is glad, Richie, to fill a creature out of one's emptiness. Now she toddles; she is digesting it rapidly. The last performance of one's purse is rarely so pleasant as that. I owe it to her that I made the discovery in time."

In this manner I also made the discovery that my father had no further supply of money, none whatever. How it had run out without his remarking it, he could not tell; he could only assure me that he had become aware of the fact while searching vainly for a coin to bestow on the beggar girl. I despatched a letter attested by a notary of the city, applying for money to the banker to whom Colonel Goodwin had introduced me on my arrival on the Continent. The money came, and in the meantime we had formed acquaintances and entertained them; they were chiefly half-pay English military officers, dashing men. One, a Major Dykes, my father established in our hotel, and we carried him on to Paris, where, consequent upon our hospitalities, the purse was again deficient. Two reasons for not regretting it were adduced by my father: firstly, that it taught me not to despise the importance of possessing money; secondly, that we had served our country by assisting Dykes, who was on the scent of a new and terrible weapon of destruction, which he believed to be in the hands of the French Government. Major Dykes disappeared on the scent, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had done our best towards saving the navy of Great Britain from being blown out of water. Temple and I laughed over Major Dykes, and he became our puppet for by-play, on account of his enormous whiskers, his passion for strong drinks, and his air of secrecy. My father's faith in his patriotic devotedness was sufficient to withhold me from suspicions of his character. Whenever my instinct, or common sense, would have led me to differ with my father in opinion, fun supervened; I was willing that everything in the world should be as he would have it be, and took up with a spirit of laughter, too happy in having won him, in having fished him out of the deep sea at one fling of the net, as he said, to care for accuracy of sentiment in any other particular.

Our purse was at its lowest ebb; he suggested no means of replenishing it, and I thought of none. He had heard that it was possible to live in Paris upon next to nothing with very great luxury, so we tried it; we strolled through the lilac aisles among bonnes and babies, attended military spectacles, rode on omnibuses, dined on the country heights, went to theatres, and had a most pleasurable time, gaining everywhere front places, friendly smiles, kind little services, in a way that would have been incomprehensible to me but for my consciousness of the magical influence of my father's address, a mixture of the ceremonious and the affable such as the people could not withstand.

"The poet is perhaps, on the whole, more exhilarating than the alderman," he said.

These were the respective names given by him to the empty purse and the full purse. We vowed we preferred the poet.

"Ay," said he, "but for all that the alderman is lighter on his feet;

I back him to be across the Channel first. The object of my instructions to you will be lost, Richie, if I find you despising the Alderman's Pegasus. On money you mount. We are literally chained here, you know, there is no doubt about it; and we are adding a nail to our fetters daily. True, you are accomplishing the Parisian accent. Paris has also this immense advantage over all other cities: 'tis the central hotel on the high-road of civilization. In Paris you meet your friends to a certainty; it catches them every one in turn; so now we must abroad early and late, and cut for trumps." A meeting with a friend of my father, Mr. Montez Williams, was the result of our resolute adoption of this system. He helped us on to Boulogne, where my father met another friend, to whom he gave so sumptuous a dinner that we had not money enough to pay the hotel bill.

"Now observe the inconvenience of leaving Paris," said he. "Ten to one we shall have to return. We will try a week's whistling on the jetty; and if no luck comes, and you will admit, Richie—Mr. Temple, I call your attention to it—that luck will scarcely come in profuse expedition through the narrow neck of a solitary seaport, why, we must return to Paris."

I proposed to write to my aunt Dorothy for money, but he would not hear of that. After two or three days of whistling, I saw my old friend Mr. Bannerbridge step out of the packet-boat. On condition of my writing to my aunt to say that I was coming home, he advanced me the sum we were in need of, grudgingly though, and with the prediction that we should break down again, which was verified. It occurred only a stage from Riversley, where my grandfather's name was good as coin of the realm. Besides, my father remained at the inn to guarantee the payment of the bill, while Temple and I pushed on in a fly with the two dozen of hock. It could hardly be called a break-down, but my father was not unwilling for me to regard it in that light. Among his parting remarks was an impressive adjuration to me to cultivate the squire's attachment at all costs.

"Do this," he said, "and I shall know that the lesson I have taught you on your journey homeward has not been thrown away. My darling boy! my curse through life has been that the sense of weight in money is a sense I am and was born utterly a stranger to. The consequence is, my grandest edifices fall; there is no foundation for them. Not that I am worse, understand me, than under a temporary cloud, and the blessing of heaven has endowed me with a magnificent constitution. Heaven forefend that I should groan for myself, or you for me! But digest what you have learnt, Richie; press nothing on the squire; be guided by the advice of that esteemed and admirable woman, your aunt Dorothy. And, by the way, you may tell her confidentially of the progress of your friendship with the Princess Ottilia. Here I shall employ my hours in a tranquil study of nature until I see you." Thus he sped me forward.

We sighted Riversley towards midday on a sunny June morning. Compared with the view from Bella Vista, our firs looked scanty, our

heath-tracts dull, as places having no page of history written on them, our fresh green meadows not more than commonly homely. I was so full of my sense of triumph in my adventurous journey and the recovery of my father, that I gazed on the old Grange from a towering height. The squire was on the lawn, surrounded by a full company: the Ilchesters, the Ambroses, the Wilfords, Captain and Squire Gregory Bulsted, the Rubreys, and others, all bending to roses, to admire, smell, or pluck. Charming groups of ladies were here and there; and Temple whispered as we passed them:

"We beat foreigners in our women, Richie."

I, making it my business to talk with perfect unconcern, replied:

"Do you think so? Perhaps. Not in all cases;" all the while I was exulting at the sweet beams of England radiating from these dear early-morning-looking women.

My aunt Dorothy swam up to me, and, kissing me, murmured:

"Take no rebuff from your grandpapa, darling."

My answer was:

"I have found him!"

Captain Bulsted sung out our names; I caught sight of Julia Rip-penger's face; the squire had his back turned to me, which reminded me of my first speech with Captain Jasper Welsh, and I thought to myself, I know something of the world now, and the thing is to keep a good temper. Here there was no wire-coil to intercept us, so I fronted him quickly.

"Hulloa!" he cried, and gave me his shoulder.

"Temple is your guest, sir," said I.

He was obliged to stretch out his hand to Temple.

A prompt instinct warned me that I must show him as much Beltham as I could summon.

"Dogs and horses all right, sir?" I asked.

Captain Bulsted sauntered near.

"Here, William," said the squire, "tell this fellow about my stables."

"In excellent condition, Harry Richmond," returned the captain.

"Oh! he's got a new name, I'll swear," said the squire.

"Not I!"

"Then what have you got of your trip, eh?"

"A sharper eye than I had, sir."

"You've been sharpening it in London, have you?"

"I've seen a little farther than London, squire."

"Well, you're not a liar."

"There, you see the lad can stand fire!" Captain Bulsted broke in. "Harry Richmond, I'm proud to shake your hand, but I'll wait till you're through the ceremony with your grandad."

The squire's hands were crossed behind him. I smiled boldly in his face.

"Shall I make the tour of you to get hold of one of them, sir?"

He frowned and blinked.

"Shuffle in among the ladies; you seem to know how to make friends among them," he said, and pretended to disengage his right hand for the purpose of waving it towards one of the groups.

I seized it, saying heartily,—

"Grandfather, upon my honour, I love you, and I'm glad to be home again."

"Mind you, you're not at home till you've begged Uberly's pardon in public, you know what for," he rejoined.

"Leaving the horse at that inn is on my conscience," said I.

The squire grumbled: "All the better; keep him there a bit."

"Suppose he kicks?" said I; and the captain laughed, and the squire, too, and I was in such high spirits I thought of a dozen witty suggestions relative to the seat of the conscience, and grieved for a minute at going to the ladies.

Captain Bulsted convoyed me to pretty Irish-eyed Julia Rippenger. Temple had previously made discovery of Janet Ilchester. Relating our adventures on different parts of the lawn, we both heard that Colonel Goodwin and his daughter had journeyed down to Riversley to smoothe the way for my return; so my easy conquest of the squire was not at all wonderful; nevertheless, I maintained my sense of triumph, and was assured in my secret heart that I had a singular masterfulness, and could, when I chose to put it forth, compel my grandfather to hold out his hand to my father as he had done to me.

Julia Rippenger was a guest at Riversley through a visit paid to her by my aunt Dorothy in alarm at my absence. The intention was to cause the squire a distraction. It succeeded; for the old man needed lively prattle of a less childish sort than Janet Ilchester's at his elbow, and that young lady, though true enough in her fashion, was the ardent friend of none but flourishing heads; whereas, Julia, finding my name under a cloud at Riversley, spoke of me, I was led to imagine by Captain Bulsted, as a ballad hero, a glorious fellow, a darling whose deeds were all pardonable, a mere puff of smoke in the splendour of his nature.

"To hear the young lady allude to *me* in that style!" he confided to my ear, with an ineffable heave of his big chest.

Certain good influences, at any rate, preserved the squire from threatening to disinherit me. Colonel Goodwin had spoken to him very manfully and wisely as to my relations with my father. The squire, it was assumed by my aunt, and by Captain Bulsted and Julia, had undertaken to wink at my father's claims on my affection. All three vehemently entreated me to make no mention of the present of hock to him, and not to attempt to bring about an interview. Concerning the yellow wine I disregarded their advice, for I held it to be a point of filial duty, and an obligation religiously contracted beneath a cathedral dome; so I performed the task of offering the hock, stating that it was of ancient birth. The

squire bunched his features ; he tutored his temper, and said not a word. I fancied all was well. Before I tried the second step, Captain Bulsted rode over to my father, who himself generously enjoined the prudent course, in accordance with his aforegone precepts. He was floated off, as he termed it, from the inn where he lay stranded, to London, by I knew not what heaven-sent gift of money, bidding me keep in view the grand career I was to commence at Dipwell on arriving at my majority. I would have gone with him had he beckoned a finger. The four-and-twenty bottles of hock were ranged in a line for the stable-boys to cock-shy at them under the squire's supervision, and my enforced attendance, just as revolutionary criminals are executed. I felt like the survivor of friends, who has seen their blood flow.

He handed me a cheque for the payment of debts incurred in my recent adventures. Who could help being grateful for it? And yet his remorseless spilling of the kindly wine full of mellow recollections of my father and the little princess, drove the sense of gratitude out of me.

CHAPTER XX.

NEWS OF A FRESH CONQUEST OF MY FATHER'S.

TEMPLE went to sea. The wonder is that I did not go with him : we were both in agreement that adventures were the only things worth living for, and we despised English fellows who had seen no place but England. I could not bear the long separation from my father : that was my reason for not insisting on the squire's consent to my becoming a midshipman. After passing a brilliant examination, Temple had the good fortune to join Captain Bulsted's ship, and there my honest-hearted friend dismally composed his letter of confession, letting me know that he had been untrue to friendship, and had proposed to Janet Ilchester, and interchanged vows with her. He begged my forgiveness, but he did love her so !—he hoped I would not mind. I sent him a reproachful answer ; I never cared for him more warmly than when I saw the letter shoot the slope of the post-office mouth. Aunt Dorothy undertook to communicate assurances of my undying affection for him. As for Janet—Temple's letter, in which he spoke of her avowed preference for Oriental presents, and declared his intention of accumulating them on his voyages, was a harpoon in her side. By means of it I worried and terrified her until she was glad to have it all out before the squire. What did he do ? He said that Margery, her mother, was niggardly ; a girl wanted presents, and I did not act up to my duty ; I ought to buy Turkey and Tunis to please her, if she had a mind for them. The further she was flattered the faster she cried ; she had the face of an old setter with these hideous tears. The squire promised her fifty pounds per annum in quarterly payments, that she might buy what presents she liked, and so tie herself to constancy. He said

aside to me as if he had a knowledge of the sex—"Young ladies must have lots of knickknacks, or their eyes 'll be caught right and left, remember that." I should have been delighted to see her caught. She talked of love in a ludicrous second-hand way, sending me into fits of disgusted laughter. On other occasions her lips were not hypocritical, and her figure anything but awkward. She was a bold plump girl, fond of male society. Heriot enraptured her. I believed at the time she would have appointed a year to marry him in, had he put the question. But too many women were in love with Heriot. He and I met Kiomi on the road to the race-course on the south-downs; the prettiest race-course in England, shut against gipsies. A barefooted swarthy girl ran beside our carriage and tossed us flowers. He and a friend of his, young Lord Destrier, son of the Marquis of Edbury, who knew my father well, talked and laughed with her, and thought her so very handsome that I likewise began to stare, and I suddenly called "Kiomi!" She bounded back into the hedge. This was our second meeting. It would have been a pleasant one had not Heriot and Destrier pretended all sorts of things about our previous acquaintance. Neither of us, they said, had made a bad choice, but why had we separated? She snatched her hand out of mine with a grin of anger like puss in a fury. We had wonderful fun with her. They took her to a great house near the race-course, and there, assisted by one of the young ladies, dressed her in flowing silks, and so passed her through the gate of the enclosure interdicted to bare feet. There they led her to groups of fashionable ladies, and got themselves into pretty scrapes. They said she was an Indian. Heriot lost his wagers and called her a witch. She replied, "You'll find I'm one, young man," and that was the only true thing she spoke of the days to come. Owing to the hubbub around the two who were guilty of this unmeasured joke upon consequential ladies, I had to conduct her to the gate. Instantly, and without a good-by, she scrambled up her skirts and ran at strides across the road and through the wood, out of sight. She won her dress and a piece of jewelry.

With Heriot I went on a sad expedition, the same I had set out upon with Temple. This time I saw my father behind those high red walls, once so mysterious and terrible to me. Heriot made light of prisons for debt. He insisted, for my consolation, that they had but a temporarily dishonourable signification; very estimable gentlemen, as well as scamps, inhabited them, he said. The impression produced by my visit—the feasting among ruined men who believed in good luck the more the lower they fell from it, and their fearful admiration of my imprisoned father, was as if I had drunk a stupefying liquor. I was unable clearly to reflect on it. Daily afterwards, until I released him, I made journeys to usurers to get a loan on the faith of the reversion of my mother's estate. Heriot, like the real friend he was, helped me with his name to the bond. When my father stood free, I had the proudest heart alive; and as soon as we had parted, the most amazed. For a long while, for years, the

thought of him was haunted by racket-balls and bearded men in their shirt-sleeves ; a scene sickening to one's pride. Yet it had grown impossible for me to think of him without pride. I delighted to hear him. We were happy when we were together. And, moreover, he swore to me on his honour, in Mrs. Waddy's presence, that he and the constable would henceforth keep an even pace. His exuberant cheerfulness and charming playfulness were always fascinating. His visions of our glorious future enchained me. How it was that something precious had gone out of my life, I could not comprehend.

Julia Rippenger's marriage with Captain Bulsted was an agreeable distraction. Unfortunately for my peace of mind, she went to the altar poignantly pale. My aunt Dorothy settled the match. She had schemed it, her silence and half downcast look seemed to confess, for the sake of her own repose, but neither to her nor to others did that come of it. I wrote a plain warning of the approaching catastrophe to Heriot, and received his reply after it was over, to this effect :—

"In my regiment we have a tolerable knowledge of women. They like change, old Richie, and we must be content to let them take their twenty shillings for a sovereign. I myself prefer the navy to the army ; I have no right to complain. Once she swore one thing, now she has sworn another. We will hope the lady will stick to her choice, and not seek smaller change. 'I could not forgive coppers ;' that's quoting your dad. I have no wish to see the uxorious object, though you praise him. His habit of falling under the table is middling old-fashioned ; but she may like him the better, or she may cure him. Whatever she is as a woman, she was a very nice girl to enliven the atmosphere of the switch. I sometimes look at a portrait I have of J. R., which, I fancy, Mrs. William Bulsted has no right to demand of me ; but supposing her husband thinks he has, why then I must consult my brother officers. We want a war, old Richie, and I wish you were sitting at our mess, and not mooning about girls and women."

I presumed from this that Heriot's passion for Julia was extinct. Aunt Dorothy disapproved of his tone, which I thought admirably philosophical and coxcombically imitable, an expression of the sort of thing I should feel on hearing of Janet Ilchester's nuptials.

The daring and success of that foreign adventure of mine had, with the aid of Colonel and Clara Goodwin, convinced the squire of the folly of standing between me and him I loved. It was considered the best sign possible that he should take me down on an inspection of his various estates and his great coal-mine, and introduce me as the heir who would soon relieve him of the task. Perhaps he thought the smell of wealth a promising cure for such fits of insubordination as I had exhibited. My occasional absences on my own account were winked at. On my return the squire was sour and snappish, I cheerful and complaisant ; I grew cold, and he solicitous ; he would drink my health with a challenge to heartiness, and I drank to him heartily and he relapsed to a fit of sulks, informing me that in his time young men knew when they were well off,

and asking me whether I was up to any young men's villanies, had any concealed debts perchance, because, if so—Oh! he knew the ways of youngsters, especially when they fell into bad hands:—the list of bad titles rumbled on in an underbreath like cowardly thunder:—well, to cut the matter short, because, if so, his cheque-book was at my service; didn't I know that? eh? Not being immediately distressed by debt, I did not exhibit the gush of gratitude, and my sedate "Thank you, sir," confused his appeal for some sentimental show of affection. I am sure the poor old man suffered pangs of jealousy; I could even at times see into his breast and pity him. He wanted little more than to be managed; but a youth when he perceives absurdity in opposition to him chafes at it as much as if he were unaware that it is laughable. Had the squire talked to me in those days seriously and fairly of my father's character, I should have abandoned my system of defence to plead for him as before a judge. By that time I had gained the knowledge that my father was totally of a different construction from other men. I wished the squire to own simply to his loveable nature. I could have told him women did. Without citing my dear aunt Dorothy, or so humble a creature as the devoted Mrs. Waddy, he had sincere friends among women, who esteemed him, and were staunch adherents to his cause; and if the widow of the City knight, Lady Sampleman, aimed openly at being something more, she was not the less his friend. Nor was it only his powerful animation, generosity, and grace that won them.

There occurred when I was a little past twenty, already much in his confidence, one of those strange crucial events which try a man publicly, and bring out whatever can be said for and against him. A young Welsh heiress fell in love with him. She was, I think, seven or eight months younger than myself, a handsome, intelligent, high-spirited girl, rather wanting in polish, and perhaps in the protecting sense of decorum. She was well born, of course—she was Welsh. She was really well-bred too, though somewhat brusque. The young lady fell hopelessly in love with my father at Bath. She gave out that he was not to be for one moment accused of having encouraged her by secret addresses. It was her unsolicited avowal—thought by my aunt Dorothy immodest, not by me—that she preferred him to all living men. Her name was Anna Penrhys. The squire one morning received a letter from her family, requesting him to furnish them with information as to the antecedents of a gentleman calling himself Augustus Fitz-George Frederick William Richmond Guelph Roy, for purposes which would, they assured him, warrant the inquiry. He was for throwing the letter aside, shouting that he thanked his God he was unacquainted with anybody on earth with such an infernal list of names as that. Roy! Who knew anything of Roy?"

"It happens to be my father's present name," said I.

"It sounds to me like a name of one of those blackguard adventurers who creep into families to catch the fools," pursued the squire, not hearing me with his eyes.

"The letter at least must be answered," my aunt Dorothy said.

"It shall be answered!" the squire worked himself up to roar.

He wrote a reply, the contents of which I could guess at from my aunt's refusal to let me be present at the discussion of it. The letter despatched was written by her, with his signature. Her eyes glittered for a whole day.

Then came a statement of the young lady's case from Bath.

"Look at that! look at that!" cried the squire, and went on, "Look at that!" in a muffled way. There was a touch of dignity in his unforced anger.

My aunt winced displeasingly to my sight: "I see nothing to astonish one."

"Nothing to astonish one!" The squire set his mouth in imitation of her. "You see nothing to astonish one? Well, ma'am, when a man grows old enough to be a grandfather, I do see something astonishing in a child of nineteen—by George! it's out o' nature. But you women like monstrosities. Oh! I understand. Here's an heiress to fifteen thousand a year. It's not astonishing if every ruined gambler and scapegrace in the kingdom's hunting her hot; no, no! that's not astonishing. I suppose she has her money in a coal-mine."

The squire had some of his in a coal-mine: my mother once had; it was the delivery of a blow at my father, signifying that he had the scent for this description of wealth. I left the room. The squire then affected that my presence had constrained him, by bellowing out epithets easy for me to hear in the hall and out on the terrace. He vowed by solemn oath he was determined to save this girl from ruin. My aunt's speech was brief.

I was summoned to Bath by my father in a curious peremptory tone implying the utmost urgent need of me. I handed the letter to the squire at breakfast, saying, "You must spare me for a week or so, sir."

He spread the letter flat with his knife, and turned it over with his fork.

"Harry," said he, half kindly, and choking, "you're better out of it."

"I'm the best friend he could have by him, sir."

"You're the best tool he could have handy, for you're a gentleman."

"I hope I shan't offend you, grandfather, but I must go."

"Don't you see, Harry Richmond, you're in for an infernal marriage ceremony there!"

"The young lady is not of age," interposed my aunt.

"Eh? An infernal elopement then. It's clear the girl's mad—head's cracked as a cocoa-nut bowled by a monkey, brains nowhere. Harry, you're not a greenhorn; you don't suspect you're called down there to stop it, do you? You jump plump into a furious lot of the girl's relatives; you might as well take a header into a leech-pond. Come! you're a man; think for yourself. Don't have this affair on your conscience, boy. I tell you, Harry Richmond, I'm against your going. You go against my

will; you offend me, sir; you drag my name and blood into the mire. She's Welsh, is she? Those Welsh are addle-pated, every one. Poor girl!"

He threw a horrible tremour into his accent of pity.

My aunt expressed her view mildly, that I was sent for to help cure the young lady of her delusion.

"And take her himself!" cried the squire. "Harry, you wouldn't go and do that? Why, the law, man, the law—the whole country 'd be up about it. You'll be stuck in a coloured caricature!"

He was really alarmed lest this should be one of the consequences of my going, and described some of the scourging caricatures of his day with an intense appreciation of their awfulness as engines of the moral sense of the public. I went nevertheless.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROMENADE IN BATH.

I FOUND my father at his hotel, sitting with his friend Jorian DeWitt, whom I had met once before, and thought clever. He was an ex-captain of dragoons, a martyr to gout, and addicted to burgundy, which necessitated his resorting to the waters,—causing him, as he said, between his appetites and the penance he paid for them, to lead the life of a pendulum. My father was in a tempered gay mood, examining a couple of the county newspapers. One abused him virulently, he was supported by the other. After embracing me, he desired me to listen while he read out opposing sentences from the columns of these eminent journals:—

{ "The person calling himself 'Roy,' whose monstrously absurd pretensions are supposed to be embodied in this self-dubbed surname. . ."

{ "—The celebrated and courtly Mr. Richmond Roy, known no less by the fascination of his manners than by his romantic history. . ."

{ "—has very soon succeeded in making himself the talk of the town. . ."

{ "—has latterly become the theme of our tea-tables. . ."

{ "—which is always the adventurer's privilege. . ."

{ "—through no fault of his own. . ."

{ "—That we may throw light on the blushing aspirations of a crown-sconced Cupid, it will be as well to recall the antecedents of this (if no worse) preposterous imitation buck of the old school. . ."

{ "—Suffice it, without seeking to draw the veil from those affecting chapters of his earlier career which kindled for him the enthusiastic sympathy of all classes of his countrymen, that he is not yet free from a tender form of persecution. . ."

{ "—We think we are justified in entitling him the Perkin Warbeck of society. . . ."
"—Reference might be made to mythological heroes. . . ."

Hereat I cried out mercy.

Captain DeWitt (stretched nursing a leg) removed his silk handkerchief from his face to murmur,—

"The bass steadfastly drowns the treble, if this is meant for harmony."

My father rang up the landlord, and said to him,—

"The choicest of your cellar at dinner to-day, Mr. Lumley; and, mind you, I am your guest, and I exercise my right of compelling you to sit down with us and assist in consuming a doubtful quality wine. We dine four. Lay for five, if your conscience is bad, and I excuse you."

The man smirked. He ventured to say he had never been so tempted to supply an inferior article.

My father smiled on him.

"You invite our editorial advocate?" said Captain DeWitt.

"Our adversary," said my father.

I protested I would not sit at table with him. But he assured me he believed his advocate and his adversary to be one and the same, and referred me to the collated sentences.

"The man must earn his bread, Richie, boy! To tell truth, it is the advocate I wish to rebuke, and to praise the adversary. It will confound him."

"It does me," said DeWitt.

"You perceive, Jorian, a policy in dining these men of the Press now and occasionally, considering their growing power, do you not?"

"Ay, ay! it's a great gossiping machine, mon Roy. I prefer to let it spout."

"I crave your permission to invite him in complimentary terms, cousin Jorian. He is in the town; remember, it is for the good of the nation that he and his like should have the opportunity of studying good society. As to myself personally, I give him carte blanche to fire his shots at me."

Towards the fashionable hour of the afternoon my father took my arm, Captain DeWitt a stick, and we walked into the throng and buzz.

"Whenever you are, to quote our advocate, the theme of tea-tables, Richie," said my father, "walk through the crowd: it will wash you. It is doing us the honour to observe us. We in turn discover an interest in its general countenance."

He was received, as we passed, with much staring; here and there a lifting of hats, and some blunt nodding that incensed me, but he, feeling me bristle, squeezed my hand and talked of the scene, and ever and anon gathered a line of heads and shed an indulgent bow along them; so on to the Casino. Not once did he offend my taste and make my acute sense of

self-respect shiver by appearing grateful for a recognition, or anxious to court it, though the curtest salute met his acknowledgment.

The interior of the Casino seemed more hostile. I remarked it to him. "A trifle more eye-glassy," he murmured. He was quite at his ease there.

"We walk up and down, my son," he said, in answer to a question of mine, "because there are very few who can; even walking is an art; and, if nobody does, the place is dull."

"The place is pretty well supplied with newspapers," said Captain DeWitt.

"And dowagers, friend Jorian. They are cousins. 'Tis the fashion to have our tattle done by machinery. They have their opportunity to compare the portrait with the original. Come, invent some scandal for us; let us make this place our social Exchange. I warrant a good bold piece of invention will fit them too, some of them. Madam,"—My father bowed low to the beckoning of a fan,—"I trust your ladyship did not chance to overhear that last remark I made?"

The lady replied: "I should have shut my eyes if I had. I called you to tell me, who is the young man?"

"For twenty years I have lived in the proud belief that he is my son!"

"I would not disturb it for the world." She did me the honour to inspect me from the lowest waistcoat button to the eyebrows. "Bring him to me to-night. Captain DeWitt, you have forsaken my whist-tables."

"Purely temporary fits of unworthiness, my lady."

"In English, gout?"

"Not gout in the conscience, I trust," said my father.

"Oh! that's curable," laughed the captain.

"You men of repartee would be nothing without your wickedness," the lady observed.

"Man was supposed to be incomplete——" Captain DeWitt affected a murmur.

She nodded "Yes, yes," and lifted eyes on my father. "So you have not given up going to church?"

He bent and spoke low.

She humphed her lips. "Very well, I will see. It must be a night in the early part of the week after next, then: I really don't know why I should serve you; but I like your courage."

"I cannot consent to accept your ladyship's favour on account of one singular virtue," said he, drooping.

She waved him to move forward.

During this frothy dialogue, I could see that the ear of the assembly had been caught by the sound of it.

"That," my father informed me, "is the great Lady Wilts. Now you will notice a curious thing. Lady Wilts is not so old but that, as our Jorian here says of her, she is marriageable. Hence, Richie, she is a

queen to make the masculine knee knock the ground. I fear the same is not to be said of her rival, Lady Denewdney, whom our good Jorian compares to an antiquated fledgling emerging with effort from a nest of ill construction and worse cement. She is rich, she is sharp, she uses her quill; she is emphatically not marriageable. Bath might still accept her as a rival queen, only she is always behindhand in seizing an occasion. Now you will catch sight of her fan working in a minute. She is envious and imitative. It would be undoubtedly better policy on her part to continue to cut me: she cannot, she is beginning to rustle like December's oaks. If Lady Wilts has me, why, she must. We refrain from noticing her until we have turned twice. Ay, Richie, there is this use in adversity; it teaches one to play sword and target with etiquette and retinue better than any crowned king in Europe. For me now to cross to her summons immediately, would be a gross breach of homage towards Lady Wilts, who was inspired to be the first to break through the fence of scandal environing me. But I must still show that I am independent. These people must not suppose that I have to cling to a party. Let them take sides; I am on fair terms with both the rivals. I show just such a nuance of a distinction in my treatment of them—just such—enough, I mean, to make the flattered one warm to me, and t'other be jealous of her. Ay, Richie, these things are trivial things beyond the grave; but here are we, my boy; and, by the way, I suspect the great campaign of my life is opening."

Captain DeWitt said that if so it would be the tenth, to his certain knowledge.

"Not *great* Campaign!" my father insisted: "mere skirmishes before this."

They conversed in humorous undertones, each in turn seeming to turn over the earth of some amusing reminiscence, so rapt that, as far as regarded their perception of it, the assembly might have been nowhere. Perhaps consequently they became observed with all but undivided attention. My father's hand was on my shoulder, his head towards Captain DeWitt; instead of subduing his voice, he gave it a moderate pitch, at which it was not intrusive, and was musical, to my ear charming, especially when he continued talking through his soft laughter, like a hunter that would in good humour press for his game through links of water-nymphs.

Lady Denewdney's fan took to beating time meditatively. Two or three times she kept it elevated, and in vain: the flow of their interchanging speech was uninterrupted. At last my father bowed to her from a distance. She signalled: his eyelids pleaded short sight, awakening to the apprehension of a pleasant fact: the fan tapped, and he halted his march, leaning scarce perceptibly in her direction. The fan showed distress. Thereupon, his voice subsided in his conversation, with a concluding flash of animation across his features, like a brook that comes to the leap on a descent, and he left us.

Captain DeWitt and I were led by a common attraction to the portico, the truth being that we neither of us could pace easily nor talk with perfect abandonment under eye-fire any longer.

"Look," said he to me, pointing at the equipages and equestrians: "you'll see a sight like this in dozens—dozens of our cities and towns! The wealth of this country is frightful."

My reply, addressed at the same time mentally to Temple at sea, was:

"Well, as long as we have the handsomest women, I don't care."

Captain DeWitt was not so sure that we had. The Provençal women, the women of a part of South Germany, and certain favoured spots of Italy, might challenge us, he thought. This was a point I could argue on, or, I should rather say, take up the cudgels, for I deemed such opinions treason to one's country and an outrage to common sense, and I embarked in controversy with the single-minded intention of knocking down the man who held them.

He accepted his thrashing complacently.

"Now here comes a young lady on horseback," he said; "do you spy her? dark hair, thick eyebrows, rides well, followed by a groom. Is she a beauty?"

In the heat of patriotism I declared she was handsome, and repeated it, though I experienced a twinge of remorse like what I should have felt had I given Minerva the apple instead of Venus.

"Oh!" he commented, and stepped down to the road to meet her, beginning, in my hearing, "I am the bearer of a compliment——" Her thick eyebrows stood in a knot, then she glanced at me and hung pensive. She had not to wait a minute before my father came to her side.

"I knew you would face them," she said.

He threw back his head like a swimmer tossing spray from his locks.

"You have read the paper?" he asked.

"You have horsewhipped the writer?" she rejoined.

"Oh! the poor *penster*!"

"Nay, we can't pretend to pity him!"

"Could we condescend to offer him satisfaction?"

"Would he dare to demand it?"

"We will lay the case before Lady Wilts to-night."

"You are there to-night?"

"At Lady Denewdney's to-morrow night—if I may indulge a hope?"

"Both? Oh! bravo, bravo! Tell me nothing more just now. How did you manage it? I must have a gallop. Yes, I shall be at both, be sure of that."

My father introduced me.

"Let me present to your notice my son, Harry Lepel Richmond, Miss Penrhys."

She touched my fingers, and nodded at me; speaking to him:

"He has a boy's taste: I hear he esteems me moderately well-favoured."

"An inherited error certain to increase with age!"

"Now you have started me!" she exclaimed, and lashed the flanks of her horse.

We had evidently been enacting a part deeply interesting to the population of Bath, for the heads of all the strolling groups were bent on us; and when Miss Penrhys cantered away, down dropped eyeglasses, and the promenade returned to activity. I fancied I perceived that my father was greeted more cordially on his way back to the hotel.

"You do well, Richie," he observed, "in preserving your composure until you have something to say. Wait for your opening; it will come, and the right word will come with it. The main things are to be able to stand well, walk well, and look with an eye at home in its socket:—I put you my hand on any man or woman born of high blood.—Not a brazen eye!—of the two extremes, I prefer the beaten spaniel sort.—Blindfold me, and I put you my hand on them. As to repartee, you must have it. Wait for that, too. Do not," he groaned, "do not force it! Bless my soul, what is there in the world so bad?" And rising to the upper notes of his groan: "Ignorance, density, total imbecility, is better; I would rather any day of my life sit, and carve for guests—the grossest of human trials—a detestable dinner, than be doomed to hear some wretched fellow—and you hear the old as well as the young—exeruciate feelings which, where they exist, cannot but be exquisitely delicate. Goodness gracious me! to see the man pumping up his wit! For me, my visage is of an unalterable gravity whenever I am present at one of these exhibitions. I care not if I offend. Let them say I wish to revolutionize society—I declare to you, Richie boy, delightful to my heart though I find your keen stroke of repartee, still your fellow who takes the thrust gracefully, knows when he's traversed by a master-stroke, and yields sign of it, instead of plunging like a spitted buffalo and asking us to admire his agility—you follow me?—I say I hold that man—and I delight vastly in ready wit; it is the wine of language!—I regard that man as the superior being. True, he is not so entertaining."

My father pressed on my arm to intimate, with a cavernous significance of eyebrow, that Captain DeWitt had the gift of repartee in perfection.

"Jorian," said he, "will you wager our editor declines to dine with us?"

The answer struck me as only passable. I think it was:—

"When rats smell death in toasted cheese."

Captain DeWitt sprang up the staircase of our hotel to his bedroom.

"I should not have forced him," my father mused. "Jorian DeWitt has at times brilliant genius, Richie—in the way of rejoinders, I mean. This is his happy moment—his one hour's dressing for dinner. I have

watched him; he most thoroughly enjoys it! I am myself a quick or slow dresser, as the case may be. But to watch Jorian you cannot help entering into his enjoyment of it. He will have his window with a view of the sunset; there is his fire, his warmed linen, and his shirt-studs; his bath, his choice of a dozen things he will or will not wear; the landlord's or host's *menu* is up against the looking-glass, and the extremely handsome miniature likeness of his wife, who is in the madhouse, by a celebrated painter, I forget his name. Jorian calls this, new birth—you catch his idea? He throws off the old and is on with the new, with a highly hopeful anticipation. His valet is a scoundrel, but never fails in extracting the *menu* from the cook, wherever he may be, and, in fine, is too attentive to the hour's devotion to be discarded. Poor Jorian! I know no man I pity so much."

I conceived him, I confessed, hardly pitiable, though not enviable.

"He has but six hundred a year, and a passion for burgundy," said my father.

We were four at table. The editor came, and his timidity soon wore off in the warmth of hospitality. He appeared a kind, excitable little man, glad of his dinner from the first, and in due time proud of his entertainer. His response to the toast of the Fourth Estate was an apology for its behaviour to my father. He regretted it: he regretted it. A vinous speech.

My father heard him out. Addressing him subsequently,—

"I would not interrupt you in the delivery of your sentiments," he said. "I must, however, man to man, candidly tell you I should have wished to arrest your expressions of regret. They convey to my mind an idea that, on receipt of my letter of invitation, you attributed to me a design to corrupt you. Protest nothing, I beg. Editors are human, after all. Now, my object is that, as you write of me, you should have some knowledge of me; and I naturally am interested in one who does me so much honour. The facts of my life are at your disposal for publication and comment. Simply, I entreat you, say this one thing of me: I seek for justice, but I never complain of my fortunes. Providence decides:—that might be the motto engraven on my heart. Nay, I may risk declaring it is! In the end I shall be righted. Meanwhile you contribute to my happiness by favouring me with your society."

"Ah, sir," replied the little man, "were all our great people like you! In the country—the provinces—they treat the representatives of the Fourth Estate as the squires a couple of generations back used to treat the parsons."

"What! Have you got a place at their tables?" inquired Captain DeWitt.

"No, I cannot say that—not even below the salt. Mr. Richmond—Mr. Roy, you may not be aware of it; I am the proprietor of the opposition journals in this county. I tell you in confidence, one by itself would not pay; and I am a printer, sir, and it is on my conscience to tell you I

have, in the course of business, been compelled this very morning to receive orders for the printing of various squibs and, I much fear, scurrilous things."

My father pacified him.

"You will do your duty to your family, Mr. Hickson,"

Deeply moved, the little man pulled out proof-sheets and slips.

"Even now, at the eleventh hour," he urged, "there is time to correct any glaring falsehoods, insults, what not!"

My father accepted the copy of proofs.

"Not a word,—not a line! You spoke of the eleventh hour, Mr. Hickson. If we are at all near the eleventh, I must be on my way to make my bow to Lady Wilts; or is it Lady Denewdney's to-night? No, to-morrow night."

A light of satisfaction came over Mr. Hickson's face at the mention of my father's visiting both these sovereign ladies.

As soon as we were rid of him, Captain DeWitt exclaimed,—

"If that's the Fourth Estate, what's the Realm?"

"The Estate," pleaded my father, "is here in its infancy—on all fours——"

"Prehensile! Egad! it has the vices of the other three besides its own. Do you mean that by putting it on all fours?"

"Jorian, I have noticed that when you are malignant you are not witty. We have to thank the man for not subjecting us to a pledge of secrecy. My Lady Wilts will find the proofs amusing. And mark, I do not examine their contents before submitting them to her inspection. You will testify to the fact."

I was unaware that my father played a master-stroke in handing these proof-sheets publicly to Lady Wilts for her perusal. The incident of the evening was the display of her character shown by Miss Penrhys in positively declining to quit the house until she likewise had cast her eye on them. One of her aunts wept. Their carriage was kept waiting an hour.

"You ask too much of me: I cannot turn her out," Lady Wilts said to her unclé. And aside to my father, "You will have to marry her."

"In heaven's name keep me from marriage, my lady!" I heard him reply.

There was sincerity in his tone when he said that.

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